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No 2

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Serbs protest at election robbery

Julian Borger in Belgrade

STUDENTS hurled eggs and abuse at public buildings on Monday as more than 100,000 demonstrators marched through Belgrade in an attempt to stop the government quashing an overwhelming opposition victory in last week's municipal elections.

The rally was the biggest protest so far against President Slobodan Milosevic, the Serbian leader who played a central role in the war which followed Yugoslavia's break-up five years ago.

Addressing the crowd gathered in central Belgrade, an opposition leader, Zoran Djindjic, said: "This is no longer an election rally or a protest rally. This is a democratic revolution that Serbia has been waiting 50 years for."

But the monolithic Milosevic regime appeared unmoved. The police shrugged. Street sweepers were deployed to remove the sticky yellow mess left by the student assault on the city council, the television building and the headquarters of the Socialist Party newspaper.

Ilija Djukic, the former Yugoslav foreign minister and adviser to the Zajedno (Together) coalition, compared the demonstrations to the protests in the first serious attempt to remove the communist regime in 1991. "Substantial changes, however fragile, have started for a second time," he said.

He had hoped to rally international support for the reform movement, but was disappointed with the meeting with ambassadors. "They said very little. They need Milosevic. He is guaranteeing the Dayton [Bosnian peace] agreement for them."

Disappointment with the West runs through the opposition ranks. The British embassy in Belgrade voiced concern when Socialist-dominated municipal courts annulled opposition wins in most of Serbia's major towns and cities in local elections on November 17. The US state department called the behaviour of

the regime "totally unacceptable".

"Where are the Western powers?" asked Srdja Popovic, who at 24 would have been the youngest elected member of the Belgrade city council if his 900-vote majority over his Socialist opponent had not been overturned. "A lot of people were looking to the West, but they are now disappointed."

He said the Socialists would not relax their grip on the big cities, because they would be the key to next year's national elections.

The election commission ordered a new round of voting this week, but Mr Popovic was adamant. "Why should I go to a new round of voting when I know that when I win again the result will be annulled?"

On the basis of provisional results last week, Zajedno claimed victory in 13 of the 18 largest cities in Serbia, including Belgrade. But the Socialists lodged protests, and the opposition's victories were either frozen, on the grounds of unspecified voting "irregularities", or reversed outright.

The unrest in Serbia has coincided with anti-government protests in neighbouring Croatia, triggered when the Zagreb authorities tried to close down Radio 101, the country's last independent station.

In both former Yugoslav republics, communist rule has been replaced by a hybrid of democracy and authoritarianism, characterised by strict state control over the media, weak opposition parties and government reluctance to accept opposition electoral gains.

Up to 100,000 demonstrators took to the streets of Zagreb on Thursday last week in a protest to save the popular Radio 101. "A quarter of the total Zagreb electorate took part in the protest. We really are talking about 'people power' here," one Zagreb-based diplomat said.

President Franjo Tudjman returned to Croatia last weekend after medical treatment in Washington. The 74-year-old president was being treated for stomach cancer.

Budget leak probe called

DOWNING Street this week ordered MI5 to spearhead an inquiry into an unprecedented leak of details of most of Tuesday's Budget to the Daily Mirror, writes Ewen MacAskill and Larry Elliott.

The inquiry began after the Mirror editor, Piers Morgan, returned the leaked papers to the Government without publishing them, one of the most extraordinary journalistic decisions of recent years.

It amounted to the biggest Budget leak this century, much more extensive than the leak that cost the Labour Chancellor Hugh Dalton his job in 1947. Up to 100 pages of press releases, intended for distribution

immediately after the Chancellor, Kenneth Clarke, finished delivering Tuesday's Budget speech, were obtained by the newspaper on Monday.

After a day of intense argument among senior Mirror journalists, Mr Morgan opted to return them. He said publication would have been "fairly reckless". Downing Street later confirmed that the documents were genuine.

The inquiry will be co-ordinated by the Cabinet Secretary, Sir Robin Butler, and Special Branch. Sources indicated that MI5 would play a key role.

Tax bomb defused, page 8



Wreckage from the Ethiopian airliner lies in a lagoon off the Comoros

PHOTOGRAPH BY JUDA NGWENYA

Survivors tell of hijack crash horror

Ruaridh Nicol at Galewa Beach, Comoro Islands

ALARGE lump had emerged on the Ethiopian Airlines ET961 crash in the Comoros, but from her eyes anger and shock burned out. "The plane bumped and then went to pieces," she said. "The next thing I knew is that I'm half way into the water. I cried for help."

Lying in the next bed, Yeshimebet Geyremestriel, Ma Tadesse's fellow air hostess, lay back. "I was under water — I think Hiwot pulled me out, but I don't know."

The survivors of the Ethiopian Airlines ET961 crash in the Comoros were still dazed from their journey under three deranged hijackers. Survivors have since been airlifted out of the island. Only the dead remain.

It was a trip that had begun early last Saturday in Addis Ababa and ended when the plane ran out of fuel and dove into the Indian Ocean at 3.20pm local time.

The airliner had 175 people on board; 48 survived. The Kenyan TV cameraman, Mohammed Amin, who captured the first pictures of the Ethiopian famine in 1984, was among the dead.

Six of the 12 Ethiopian crew survived, including the pilot, Captain Leul Abate, aged 42, and the co-pilot, Yonas Mekuria, aged 35, who had been badly beaten.

The hijackers were intent on reaching Australia despite the pilot's desperate pleas that he had only enough fuel for a routine one-and-a-half hour flight to Nairobi.

About 20 minutes after the plane had lifted off the three men stood up.

An Ethiopian passenger, Risrat Alemu, recalled: "They said, 'We escaped from prison. We are against the government. We are hijacking the plane. We have an explosive. If anybody moves, we'll explode it.'"

The pilots were reportedly told by the hijackers that they numbered 11. After four hours, the pilot realised there was no choice but to put down. The plane was over the Comoros, north of Madagascar. He told the passengers one engine had stopped and they were about to crash-land.

As the plane began to descend the co-pilot, who had been pulled from the cockpit by the hijackers, intervened. "He pushed in, and together the pilot and the co-pilot made the crash-landing," said Ma Tadesse.

Caroline Fotherby, a manager at the hotel Le Galewa, said: "All you could hear was the sound of an aeroplane falling. And then there was a bang. The plane hit once, then hit again and nose-dived."

Survivors said a wing clipped the water. Then the body of the plane slammed into the sea, bouncing and turning over at least once before it broke apart.

"The first bump was really gentle. Then the second one was really hard," said one passenger, Frank Huddle, the United States consul-general in Bombay. "The third one was even harder, like a 70mph auto accident. The last one was like an earthquake."

Mr Huddle, aged 53, who survived with his spectacles intact, said he and his wife Shania clung to a passing windsurfer's board before being rescued by hotel staff. "I thought I was dead when we hit the water," he said. Ethiopian Airlines, which

marked its 50th anniversary earlier this year, has one of the best security records in the world.

Hijackings involving Ethiopian airliners have been characterised by a lack of clear political demands. As in the present case, the hijackers were desperate to leave Ethiopia.

"All the hijackers may be dead," Mary Ryan, the US assistant secretary for consular affairs, said on Monday. "What we are hearing is that the two people they arrested aren't hijackers — their story held up." The men are still being held in what the police call "protective custody". This would suggest that all three hijackers had died.

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Austria	AS30	Malta	50c
Belgium	BF75	Netherlands	G 4.75
Denmark	DK16	Norway	NK 16
France	FF 10	Portugal	E300
Germany	DM 4	Saudi Arabia	SR 6.50
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Italy	L 3,000	Sweden	SK 19
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Gingrich extends the hand of co-operation



The US this week
Martin Walker

While President Clinton was snorkelling over Australia's Great Barrier Reef last week and playing golf with Greg Norman, the politics which will determine his second term were taking shape in Washington. So far Clinton looks like finding more friends among the Republicans than among the Democrats.

After some harrumphing among conservative commentators and grandstanding congressmen like Peter King from Long Island, Newt Gingrich was easily re-elected Speaker of the House for the next session. Since he faces several ethical challenges in the coming term, and has been chastened by the loss of 10 seats, which shrinks his Republican majority perilously, Gingrich will return as an older, wiser and rather more distracted Speaker. He seems to be taking seriously the fashionable talk about governing in a bipartisan manner.

"President Clinton, as candidate, was for a balanced budget, for smaller government, for tax cuts, for welfare reform, and for an all-out effort to stop drugs. That's a ground where it seems to me we can do a lot of work together because we share the common direction."

"If the last Congress was the Confrontation Congress, this one will be the Implementation Congress, and we will be very pleased two years from now at how much we have implemented, working together and putting the nation first," Gingrich said in his first speech after beating back the challenge from Republican rebels to be re-elected Speaker for the next two years. "We bear the unusual burden of reaching out to a Democratic president and saying 'Together, we are in fact going to find common ground.'"

He then lived up to this statement, allowing the Democrats extra seats on the important appropriations and commerce committees, which was decent of him. Moreover, the economic projections for the next few years of budget deficits are suddenly looking more rosy, thanks to better than expected tax revenues and the continued health of the economy. This has already slunk the current fiscal year's deficit from \$130 billion at the start of the year to \$107 billion. And by 2002, the target date the Republicans have set to achieve a balanced budget, the gap now looks to be less than \$150 billion, rather than the \$260 billion the Republicans had expected.

Meanwhile Gingrich's offer of bipartisan co-operation was being weighed by the deeply divided fac-

tions among the Democrats, who are now warring through their pollsters. On the left is Dr Stanley Greenberg of Yale, who was Clinton's pollster in 1992. His researches into the exit poll data persuaded him that Clinton was re-elected last month as a traditional Democrat who protected the welfare state and education from Republican cuts.

"It is the downscale, not the upscale, electorate that gave the Democrats the opportunity to win in 1996," Greenberg concludes, in a report commissioned by the liberal Democrats' new organisation, the Campaign for America's Future. Financed largely by the unions, it is run by Jesse Jackson's close adviser, Robert Borosage.

Another of the important institutions of the left, the Economic Policy Institute, produced a parallel analysis by Roy Teixeira, author of the important 1992 Brookings study, *The Disappearing American Voter*. He found that "three-quarters of Clinton's support came from non-college-educated voters, and that his support was primarily motivated by the economy and jobs, Medicare and social security, and education."

Clinton's vote rose by 9 points among the voters with only a high school graduation diploma (and by 13 points among women in this category). It rose 7 points by those with some college education, yet rose only 3 points among those with a college degree.

"Many observers credit Clinton's victory this year to his move to the centre as a New Democrat. But does the public actually consider Clinton to be a New Democrat?" Teixeira asks. "The polling data show that during the period when Clinton built his decisive lead over Bob Dole in the polls, the percentage of the public that thought Clinton was a new kind of Democrat actually decreased, reaching the lowest levels of his presidency... Clinton's political resurgence was based most fundamentally on defence of 'Old Democrat' programmes — Medicare, Medicaid, education and the environment."

By contrast, Clinton's pollster for 1996, the Harvard-educated Mark Penn, has just published a report which comes to entirely the opposite conclusion: that Clinton was re-elected because he convinced the voters that he was a New Democrat who was able to run against both the Republicans and the traditional liberal Democratic party.

The Democrats failed to regain a majority in Congress because they were not as successful as Clinton in convincing the voters that they were New Democrats, Penn argued. His analysis was commissioned by the centrist Democratic Leadership Council, which invented the idea of the New Democrat in the first place.

"The Congressional Democrats systematically deprived themselves of the greatest edge the party controlling the White House can have — a successful economy," Penn concluded. "They focused relentlessly on wage stagnation and the perceived lack of good jobs in their effort to attract voters without college degrees."

Polling analyses are highly influential in modern US politics, and these conflicting reports represent the opening shots in the looming Democratic debate. The clash will



come to a head in 1999, as Vice-President Al Gore, a New Democrat and founding member of the Democratic Leadership Council (along with Clinton), reaches for his inheritance as the party's next presidential candidate.

His most likely challenger is the party's leader in the House, Congressman Dick Gephardt, who is using the Greenberg data to insist that the Democrats must stick by their traditional constituency of high school graduates and those most vulnerable to any increase in the unemployment rate.

"Just which Democratic party is it we are trying to co-operate with? Is it the new guys or the old band?" grinned Republican party chairman Haley Barbour, as the battling pollsters laid out their data.

Some piquancy is added to the pollsters' debate by the role of Greenberg, who in 1992 was far more than just the pollster to the Clinton campaign — he was, in fact, a crucial adviser.

Greenberg, who is married to the liberal Democratic congresswoman Rosa DeLauro, had made his name as the laureate of Macomb County, a suburb of Detroit which seemed in the 1980s to sum up the Democratic predicament. The voters were white, modestly prosperous working class and lower middle class, with many Catholics and people from ethnic eastern European backgrounds.

THEY WERE natural and traditional Democratic voters, many of them union members, but they voted for Ronald Reagan in their droves. They responded to his patriotism, to his attacks on welfare, and abandoned a Democratic party they saw drifting too close to the concerns of the inner city and its inhabitants. They were the archetypal Reagan Democrats, and Greenberg's studies of Macomb County became the gospel of the Clinton campaign of 1992, which was determined to win them back.

In the April before the 1992 campaign, when Clinton was becoming assured of the Democratic party nomination, but was below both George Bush and Ross Perot in the opinion polls, Greenberg then launched the project which put Clinton into the White House.

"This report of the 'general election project' recommends a fundamental re-thinking of your campaign to reflect the new political realities and new phase of the cam-

paign and most important, to address the debilitating image that is dragging us down," his report began. "The core problem of the Clinton candidacy is Clinton's essential 'political nature.'"

Greenberg went on to list the six main conclusions from a series of focus groups:

- Clinton is not real. He is packaged.
- Clinton is privileged, like the Kennedys.
- Clinton can't stand up to the special interests.
- Clinton cannot be the candidate of change.
- Clinton's for himself, not for people.
- Clinton's message-ideas are discounted.

"The campaign has to take radical steps to depoliticise Bill Clinton," the report notes and goes on to explain how and why. Greenberg and the campaign's media director Frank Greer had spent days poring over the gloomy and often contradictory reports of focus groups, trying to understand why Clinton was not connecting.

Greenberg had a hunch that while the political class knew about Clinton even before the primaries began, the public's first view of Clinton was in mid-scandal in New Hampshire. That was their image of him, a man constantly weaving to talk his way out of trouble. And in the absence of any counter-message, that image was taking firm hold.

Greenberg tried an experiment, making a brief video biography of Clinton with a few key facts. Here was a man born into a poor home, widowed mother, public schools, standing up to a drunken stepfather, scholarships to Oxford and Yale but then came back home to be a reformist governor who created jobs, built schools and balanced his budgets.

Greenberg first ran a quick poll, asking the focus groups to list Bush, Perot and Clinton in order of preference. Clinton ran last. Then he offered the biography, and afterwards ran his standard tests of Clinton's views and speeches.

His first group contained 10 middle-aged, middle-class women from Pennsylvania. He polled them again. Clinton had gone from last to top in their preferences. Greenberg ran the same test on middle-aged men, blue-collar workers, elderly couples, and got the same result every time.

"Bingo," said Greer. "It's the magic bullet. They didn't know this guy. All we gotta do is tie down the American people and beat them over the head with his biography."

The rest, thanks also to Clinton's extraordinary campaigning skills, is history. But it also points to the fundamental hollowess of the pollsters' current debate. Clinton won the White House, in 1992 and in 1996, because he was Clinton: a campaigner, a flawed charmer, an engaging rascal whose very slipperiness tended to devalue the importance of the ideological themes of the New Democrat on which he campaigned.

IN CLINTON'S pragmatic view, the political purpose of the New Democrat ideology is to win over centrist, swing and independent voters to yield the essential margin of victory. The researches of Greenberg in 1992 helped Clinton to do that, but even though his findings are wholly justified by the data, they would not help the Democrats to carry the White House in future, or even to regain control of the Congress over the next four years.

The Democrats are a coalition, and need the insights of both Greenberg and Penn to guide them back to being the natural party of government. The greatest threat to the party over the forthcoming political season is continued division, while the Republicans have learnt their lesson and are trying to sound reasonable again.

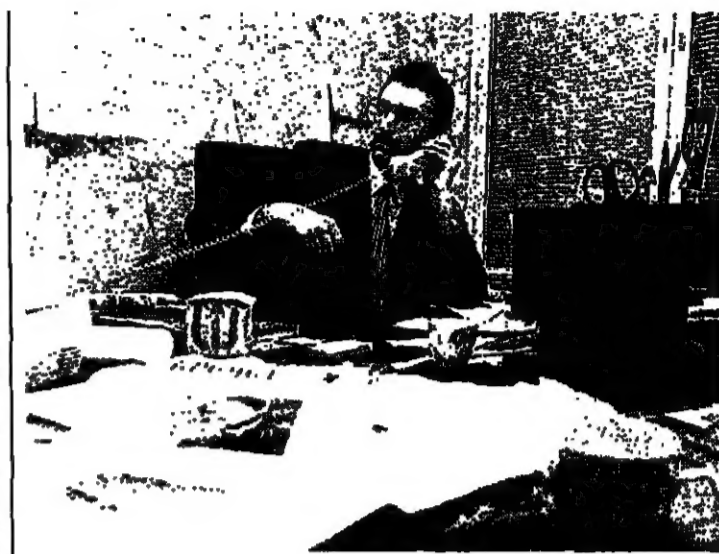
Of course, Gingrich being Gingrich, that may not last. After his thoroughly sensible speech about common ground and bipartisan legislative reforms, he went off into one of those grandiose socio-cultural riffs which threaten much but signify little.

"This country will never again be healthy if we don't have the courage to confront the spiritual and cultural and moral deficit that is an even greater threat to our future than the economic deficit," he intoned.

If Gingrich goes on like that, and the Democrats continue to do internal battle through their polling champions, then the only winner will be Clinton. He has learnt over the past two years the tactics of divide-and-rule, and now has the glittering new power of line-item veto over the details of any legislation that the Congress sends to him. No wonder he felt he could take time off to play golf with Greg Norman.

Caught between Soviet devil and Baltic sea

James Meek in Pskov reports on the rise of nationalism in Russia's disaffected border region



IN THIS town, so the businessmen grumble, even the mafia is poor. "Do you know how many Mercedes 300s there are in Pskov? Only five!" declared the factory director indignantly, trying not to spill his vodka as the overnight express wobbled on its 12-hour journey between Moscow and this stricken western outpost of the Russian Federation.

Pskov has one of the lowest standards of living in the country, factories without orders, pensioners without pensions, locally garrisoned paratroopers without pay and two loudly independent Baltic countries where the road to the seaside used to be.

"It'll be bad for Pskov, because our economic interests favour co-operation. There is no point in talking about limiting trade now because, for one thing, I couldn't bring it about and, for another, it would threaten the economic well-being of the region I answer for. But as a politician I forecast sanctions will be imposed."

Mr Mikhailov, who dived straight into politics after graduating from Moscow university's history department, split with the liberal anti-Communist movement of the late perestroika years after the USSR's brutal and clumsy attempt in 1991 to prevent Lithuania from breaking away. He took the side of Soviet troops who killed 14 people during an attack on the republic's TV tower.

Though he now presents himself as a moderate, his language in a book published last year, *Burden Of An Imperial Nation*, was that of an irredentist Machiavelli wannabe.

Russia's attempts to recover the Baltic countries, he argued, should begin with open and covert support for attempts by ethnic Russians in Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania to set up their own self-governing states.

"Having created a series of islands of Russian statehood... these new territorial acquisitions should be used first to settle the problem of



Yevgeny Mikhailov shocked the Kremlin and provoked alarm in the Baltic states by his victory in the election for governor of the Pskov region

refugees and then, when the time is right, to include them within the empire," he wrote in a chapter headed "The Third World War and the Task of Russian National-Liberalism".

At the Latvian consulate in Pskov, consul Valery Zubko chuckled over a video of the Zhirinovsky propaganda blitzkrieg on the region which, most local pundits say, turned the tide in an election that Mr Mikhailov could never have won by himself.

"Mikhailov never expected to come to power," said Mr Zubko. "He's not ready for it."

With its sleek, minimalist office furniture, carpet tiles and immaculate white walls, a capsule of Scandinavian modernity among the damp, peeling blocks and cratered roads of Pskov, the consulate is an expression of the way Baltics see themselves in relation to the Russians. They think they are smarter, richer, harder-working, more Western, better organised. The staff even have their own kitchen rather than risk lunching at the Russian hotel around the corner.

Pskovians who used to nip across the former Soviet boundary into Estonia or Latvia to go shopping now need to go through a complex and expensive visa application process. As local newspaper editor Vladimir Smirnov put it, it is easier to go shopping in Turkey.

Riga shows no sign of giving ethnic Russians in Latvia — a third of the population — full citizenship rights and has refused to renounce its hopeless claim to a slice of Pskov territory. Mr Zubko said there was no reason to worry. "Mikhailov won't be determining the policies of Russia. He might interfere with the improvement in our relations with Russia but the final decision will not be his."

Yet the argument that Pskov voters ignored the LDP's jingoistic rallying cries and voted on purely economic grounds is not convincing. "There is an underlying belief here that Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania could not survive without Russian raw materials and energy, and that sooner or later they will beg to return to Moscow's embrace."

What in a weak Russia appears a protest vote could, in a stronger future Russia, be something more destabilising.

Pskov has already returned Mr Mikhailov once before as its Member of Parliament, and in 1995 voted for the notorious TV propagandist Alexander Nevzorov, who made a short film in 1991 presenting the heavily armed Soviet troops facing Lithuanian civilians as outnumbered heroes.

Vladlen Smirnov admitted that democracy — "the last illusion of the Russian intellectual", as Mr Mikhailov called it in his book — was growing strangely on Russian soil. "Our countrymen could get up in the morning with a hangover and go out and vote for the devil," he said.

China tackles moral rot with a smile

Andrew Higgins in Beijing

LI SULLI, bus conductor and rising star of China's revived cult of the model worker, is far too busy these days being a celebrity to turn up for work.

On the number 21 bus that was her springboard to stardom, rare is the passenger who cannot tell of the exploits of China's most diligent transport worker; how she rises before dawn, smiles all day and studies into the night.

But rarer still is the passenger who has seen her in the flesh.

On a recent bone-shaking journey across Beijing only one passenger could claim to have witnessed the model worker at work. "I saw her once but that was months ago. It was before she became famous."

Ms Li, aged 35 and mother to the requisite single child, has become chief cheerleader in a national campaign for rectitude and political obedience, an ill-

defined pot-pourri of virtues known in Communist Party jargon as spiritual civilisation.

"At a time of increasing selfishness and indifference she has created a fertile pasture of warmth and human feeling," said the Beijing Youth Daily, which calls Ms Li the "messenger of love".

Such a message might have worked in the 1950s but has little relevance today. An irreverent rock guitarist recently featured the model bus conductor in a rendition of Beautiful Girl — and was banned from performing for three years. He was accused of making "unsavoury gestures" on top of a piano.

Across Beijing, citizens are being bombarded with the slogan "study Li Sulli, achieve first-class service". Ms Li, meanwhile, is too busy preaching to bother much with practice.

"I take this bus every day and

she has never sold me a ticket," said an elderly passenger on her route. "But I watch her on television all the time. She smiles a lot and has a very nice bus. Not like this old thing."

The gap between reality and fantasy is a recurring feature of China's spasmodic campaigns to promote model workers — a gap that may explain why the party usually prefers its heroes dead or fictional. The most famous of the genre is Lei Feng, a 1960s paragon of the People's Liberation Army who declared himself a "useless screw of the revolution" and then perished when a telephone pole fell on his head.

"As far as the party is concerned, the only good model worker is a dead model worker. Only a corpse is entirely safe," said Geremie Barme, a scholar of contemporary Chinese culture at the Australian National University. "Living models have always been problematic. So

long as someone is still alive they can always say or do the wrong thing."

To protect Ms Li from such perils, the Beijing Municipal Communist Party acts as her agent and chaperon. Its propaganda department fixes her photo opportunities and interviews, and arranges her road-shows and speaking tours.

Ms Li now has only one real rival at the summit of Chinese political correctness, a plodding model plumber from Shanghai called Xu Hu.

"She has to go to many meetings and does not have much time for ordinary work," explained Li Jian, bus depot supervisor and keeper of a permanent shrine to the conductor at Beijing's gargantuan railway station, starting point for the number 21.

A hall has been set aside to house photographs and mementoes marking the milestones in Ms Li's exorbitantly mundane life. The exhibition kicks off with a picture of her induction into the Communist Party in 1988,

taking an oath of loyalty, flat clenched before a red flag.

Perpetually smiling and relentlessly good-natured, Ms Li has joined an exclusive pantheon of heroes. The concept of national model workers was first developed in the 1950s but is now being dusted off by President Jiang Zemin to counter the excesses created by Deng Xiaoping's credo of "to get rich is glorious".

Most Chinese would applaud any serious attempt to stop the country's moral rot. Model workers, though, inspire more despair than hope.

"Chinese bureaucrats speak to the country in a vernacular that has virtually nothing to do with the reality of life in modern China," said Mr Barme. "They treat their own people like cretins. Many are deeply concerned about the terrible corruption and moral collapse. But the party has neither the mechanisms nor even the rhetoric to deal with reality. All it can do is take flight into the fantasies of the past."

Paradox of the Cannabis Cafe

Charles Trueheart in Delfzijl

AT THE Paradox Cafe in this North Sea harbor town of 30,000, customers are handed a tip sheet of warnings about cannabis: Do not smoke and drive. Do not smoke and drink. Do not take it across the border. Avoid "space-cake" — hashish baked in muffins.

On the other hand, the main menu item at the Cafe Paradox, other than coffee and natural fruit juices, is cannabis. The selection ranges from expensive Moroccan hashish to cheap Dutch marijuana, priced from \$7 to \$15 a gram.

"That's the paradox," explained Ernst Gunst, the cafe's manager. And not the only one.

Cafe Paradox, whose main product is technically illegal in the Netherlands, is a creature of Delfzijl's municipal government, aggressively championed by its mayor and heartily endorsed by police and magistrates.

Opened in September as a non-profit "foundation," the cafe is an experiment in cannabis regulation. The idea is to drive and keep criminal elements out of a business by taking it over, as state liquor stores were designed to do in the United States.

Delfzijl's step is perhaps the biggest yet taken in this already open-minded country toward waging peace on drugs instead of war.

The Netherlands for years has taken a progressive approach to what it calls "soft drugs." The law is known by a term that means "illegal but permitted" — that is, police put the lowest priority on enforcing the sale and use of small amounts of cannabis.

In light of this attitude, Delfzijl officials said they expect their cafe idea to spread across the Netherlands. Three other small towns have similar pilot programs underway.

The Dutch government is taking an open-minded attitude toward the experiments, waiting to see how they work and what local prosecutors report, an official of the Dutch Justice Ministry said.

Today in Holland at least 5 percent of the country's 15 million people are estimated to use a cannabis product regularly. But the use of hard drugs has plummeted, with the addiction rate half that in other European countries.

The tolerant policy toward soft drugs has spawned a ubiquitous fixture across the Netherlands: "coffee shops" and "teahouses" where the real attraction is something else. These establishments do big business in Amsterdam and other cities, including a lively tourist trade of Germans and Americans agog at the freedom to traffic and smoke while police officers stand on the corner looking the other way.

But what the authorities will tolerate in Amsterdam they apparently will not in Delfzijl, a quiet town just a half-hour's drive from the German border.

The bad image of the local coffee shops, the criminal transactions on the wholesale level inherent in running them and the suspicion that harder drugs were also being traded led Mayor Eduard Haaksma to launch a new program for prevention and regulation.

In a single sweep, the town shut down the cannabis trade at free-enterprise places such as De Corner and New Generation and opened the doors of Cafe Paradox.

"The war on drugs — we lost it a long time ago," said Paul Oldenburger, a local businessman and parent. He said he was cautiously open to the Cafe Paradox experiment if it meant the demise of the coffee shops. "These coffee shops, they don't just sell soft drugs. Hard drugs are available too, and it's an easy step from one to the other."

There is no sign outside the new establishment. It is an attractive if subdued space painted in yellow where a steel band plays from speakers and young people sit at tables puffing enormous reefers. Customers have to be 18 to enter.

"Use hashish and marijuana for pleasure and not to combat stress or

insecurity," they are advised on the Paradox flyer. The place closes at 10pm.

The mayor has taken flak from the people he put out of the pot business, and from some parents and other outraged citizens. But he appeared unfazed. "It's a shop where we can discourage youngsters from using drugs, and it's a place where we can control it by having it in one place," Haaksma said. "Also, the shop has to sell only very good quality soft drugs, so that you know what you're getting."

What is the message of an organization that warns about the dangers of drugs and sells them over the counter?

"The message is: Don't do drugs. But if you want to use drugs, do it in a healthy, conscious way," said Gunst. "One thing is for sure. If you forbid it, people still want to use it, like the U.S. during Prohibition."

Gunst is proud of the cafe's offerings, noting that no artificial pesticides or fertilizers were used in their cultivation or manufacture. He said a professor at a nearby university is checking for impurities and the content levels of THC, the psychoactive ingredient in cannabis.

"We think that's important," Gunst said, sitting at a cafe table as he rolled a large, hashish-laden cigarette. "That's why we sell no soft drinks. Coca-Cola is just water and sugar. It's not healthy."

Gunst is especially proud of the "documentary center" he is designing in the back of the cafe — a place

for drug presentations to police officers, doctors and school groups, for discussion of drugs by young people, and with an Internet hookup to access current information about drugs.

The Dutch government is aware that philosophical conundrums have to be addressed. "What are these places selling — legal stuff or not? We have to decide," Justice Ministry spokesman Wilfred Kortman said.

The Dutch government is under pressure from surrounding European Union members to police better the country's commerce in drugs. From Amsterdam's coffee shops and easy street trade, they seep easily over the blurring European borders, where customs procedures are no longer even a formality.

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Self-Rule Proposed for Canada's Indians

Howard Schneider in Ottawa

Canada's governance of its aboriginal communities has failed and should be replaced by granting self-rule to as many as 80 separate Indian nations that would be provided with extensive land and resource rights, billions of dollars in extra aid and a new branch of Parliament to represent their interests, a blue-ribbon government commission reported last week.

In a 4,000-page, \$40 million report, the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples concluded that "Euro-Canada" had left the country's more than 800,000 Indians largely destitute, stripped of traditional lands and resources that should have been protected by treaty, and under immense pressure to assimilate into Western culture. The result: widespread poverty, high rates of alcoholism and teen

suicide, and a growing potential for violence if Canada does not restructure the relationship with its original residents.

The commission suggested, in essence, that Canada start from scratch, renegotiating virtually every aspect of Indian governance and economics, and even soliciting the queen of England to embody the new beginning in a royal proclamation. One issued in 1763, Indian leaders say, recognized their rights to independent government and came at a time of cooperation with European settlers, but later it was ignored during decades of domination and mistreatment.

"Some leaders fear that violence is in the wind," the commission stated in its summary. "What aboriginal people need is straightforward, if not simple: control over their lives in place of the well-meaning but ruinous paternalism of past Canadian governments."

The panel was established in 1991 by then-Prime Minister Brian Mulroney following a violent stand-off between Mohawks and Quebec security officials. Mulroney appointed four of the commission's seven members from Indian communities and gave it a broad mandate to examine all aspects of Indian life. Its report came two years beyond its deadline, with tens of thousands of pages of testimony and reports collected, and with the distinction of being Canada's most expensive royal commission.

Indian leaders said the government should accept the commission's findings and begin implementing them immediately. "We call upon the government of Canada to deal with aboriginal peoples on a nation-to-nation basis, recognizing and encouraging the emergence of another order of government," said George Erasmus, a co-chairman of the commission.

But the impact of the document is uncertain. Its call for creation of dozens of self-governing nations is bound to echo in a country struggling to keep its European components — English and French speakers — unified. Within dozens of local communities, it will touch nerves as well. One recommendation, for example, would give Indian commercial fishermen priority over non-Indians during "times of scarcity" — an explosive issue in the struggling British Columbia salmon industry.

Likewise, the call for increased funding and a redistribution of land, timber, mineral, animal and other resources is likely to cause resentment throughout some parts of Canada; it was promptly criticized by the Western-based Reform Party as a waste of money.

Indian Affairs Minister Ron Irwin all but ruled out extensive extra spending and many of the more

comprehensive ideas included in the study. He said the current Liberal Party government supports Indian self-determination and wants to equitably settle land, resource and other issues in a way that will allow the communities to be economically independent — and is doing so on a case-by-case basis around the country. But that must be done, he said, within the constraints of a government struggling to balance its budget.

But commission members and Indian leaders said it was time to abandon what they call a "project-by-project" approach that is neither quick nor comprehensive enough to address the problem. They want Canada to confront and correct an unpleasant part of its past.

The price tag is steep in Canada's current fiscal climate — about \$27 billion over the next 20 years. The commission contended that will be more than offset as Indian communities become economically successful, develop businesses using their land and resources and stop having to rely on social services.

The jewel in the crown?

British universities' world-beating reputation pulls in ever more overseas students each year. But in this fiercely competitive international market, they cannot afford to be complacent, says Peter Kingston

BY ANY yardstick, British higher education is a spectacular export success. Despite baleful reports of crippling underfunding, dwindling resources and the cost of coming to the UK to study, Britain is a major player when it comes to counting the numbers of overseas students flocking to its universities and colleges.

British universities' net contribution to the national purse in 1994/95, according to the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals, was £1 billion. The Department of Trade and Industry calculates the education and training industry is worth £7 billion.

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"It's remarkable that so many people think the British higher education system is attractive and accessible enough for them to come and take part in," says David Elliott, the British Council's HE director and the manager of its unit responsible for promoting education overseas.

He clearly believes that British higher education is special, though he warns that this reputation could easily be dented by any player who

tried to flog shoddy goods abroad. But he is also keen to dispel any complacency about Britain's fourth place behind the United States, France and Germany in attracting the overseas students. Recent history endorses his caution.

Although these students now make up about 11 per cent of the British university population, with numbers steadily rising in the face of keen competition from the US, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, it is barely a decade since numbers were plunging in the opposite direction. And they have only recently climbed back above levels in the late 1970s before the first Thatcher government triggered a collapse.

In response to that administration's demands for savings in public expenditure, the then Department of Education and Science decided the taxpayer should cease supporting students from outside the EU. Henceforth, overseas students would be charged the full whack as each institution calculated it.

The response was immediate. The Department for Education and Employment's own figures, which included overseas students in further education, showed that the 82,000 studying in Britain in 1979/80, the last year before full-cost fees were introduced, had dropped to 62,000 a year later.

It was decided that the British Council, which had long promoted higher education abroad, should lead the bid for recovery. Efforts were targeted on the leading overseas providers such as Malaysia. Fairs were launched and invitations showered on foreign governments to visit campuses. It was stressed that the standard three-year British undergraduate degree was a year shorter than its counterparts in the main English-speaking competitor countries. The one-year taught masters degree was a year shorter than the US model.

The average cost of a three-year undergraduate honours science degree in England, Northern Ireland and Wales is £22,286 compared with £48,412 for a four-year honours degree in a private US university (including such names as Harvard and Yale) and £22,820 in a public US university. The equivalent figures for non-science degrees are £18,222 in Britain, and £48,412 and £22,820 in the US. A four-year honours science degree in Australia costs £28,056 (non-science £20,396).

The average total living costs are £13,050 for a three-year undergraduate course in the UK compared with £17,784 for the same period in Australia — £23,712 for the four-year honours course. The equivalent cost over four years in the US is £23,172. The average science postgraduate in the UK pays £13,422 a year, including living costs (£12,067 non-science). The equivalent cost in a US private university is £18,769 for



Overseas students at the London School of Economics are among the thousands who choose British colleges

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But has this glowing reputation suffered from the recent public debates about declining standards, rapid expansion, underfunding and overstretched resources? "So far, the statistics suggest that the scare stories about declining standards

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To avoid future damage, he suggests some institutions become more responsible in what they promise the punters. "Occasionally the marketing by British universities over-eggs things. People are not meant to be as wary of university salesmen as of used-car salesmen."

He also calls for alleviation of the pressures on British universities: "There's got to be a realisation that you can't run the British higher education system as a major international concern if it can't compete fairly. It's got to have more income, and it's got to use that income more effectively."

Miss World Picked Amid India Protest

Kenneth J. Cooper in Bangalore

THE MISS WORLD pageant went on here last weekend after police arrested more than 1,300 protesters and broke up crowds by firing tear gas and striking demonstrators with batons.

The crown went to Miss Greece, Irene Skliva, 18, a professional model, at a pageant that prompted an intense national debate about the role of women in the poorest country ever to host the annual contest.

Feminists, asserting arguments also made in western countries, said that such pageants demean women by turning them into commodities. Hindu nationalists said Indian traditions give women a central role in families and do not countenance them parading before strangers.

The leader of a new women's group had threatened that a dozen members would sneak into the cricket stadium site and set fire to themselves to protest what they



Smiles abound as Irene Skliva of Greece is crowned Miss World in Bangalore

called the dishonoring of Indian women. But tight security that banned matches and cigarette lighters apparently succeeded in keeping the protesters out.

Kinay Narayana Shashikala, the group's leader, went into hiding last week to avoid arrest under a preventive detention law. Her disappearance and uncertainty about the identity of her followers raised ques-

tions about whether the suicide threat was made to promote the anti-pageant views of a Hindu nationalist party, which controlled media access to Shashikala.

Hundreds of Hindu nationalists affiliated with the Bharatiya Janata Party were arrested after they briefly blocked traffic at three major intersections in an unsuccessful attempt to cut off routes to the stadium.

But many residents of Bangalore, known in western countries for the computer software it produces, expressed pride that their city hosted the international event and criticized protesters for causing disruptions. The days of protests did dampen the festive atmosphere and kept away some potential ticket buyers. A pageant spokesman said 15,000 of the 20,000 seats were sold.

Voters Gain From Access To Internet

Rajiv Chandrasekaran

PRESIDENT CLINTON'S campaign site on the Internet was packed with position papers, speech texts and economic growth charts. Republican nominee Bob Dole's camp used its site to raise money and attract volunteers. Third-party candidates, special interest groups and media organizations also flooded the global computer network with election-related material this year.

But did voters pay any attention? Sort of, say political scientists and pollsters.

According to a post-election poll released last week by Wirthlin Worldwide, 9 percent of voters surveyed said information they found on the Internet influenced their vote. That figure translates into about 8.5 million people nationwide.

Other recent surveys have reported that 10 percent to 12 percent of voters viewed politically oriented Internet sites during the campaign. By contrast, 11 percent of people said they received information from magazines and 19 percent said they used radio, according to a study conducted last month by the Pew Research Center. Television and newspapers each were cited by more than 80 percent of respondents.

Although Internet users remain a relatively small part of the electorate, several political analysts called the results released last week impressive for a medium that was essentially an obscure academic computer network during the 1992 campaign.

"When you're in the realm of 1 in 11 voters, clearly this is a medium that has an ability to deliver a message," said David Winston, a Washington pollster who developed the survey with Wirthlin, a market research firm based in McLean, Virginia.

Even though some voters said they were influenced by Internet sites, Winston and other political analysts said that the candidate home pages and other information likely did not change many minds. Most Internet users today tend to be affluent and well-educated, making them less likely to remain undecided during a campaign's homestretch.

Affirmative Action: It's Not That Simple

OPINION
William Raspberry

IT'S BEEN a rough season for affirmative action. California voters have just passed the California Civil Rights Initiative (CCRI) which outlaws race or gender preferences in university admissions, employment and state contracting. Black Californians opposed it only by narrow margins.

One possible conclusion: Nobody much wants affirmative action. Then there were the Supreme Court rulings against congressional districts drawn deliberately to give them black majorities. Many of us feared the decision might decimate the Congressional Black Caucus. They didn't.

The possible conclusion: Nobody needs affirmative action.

At Texaco, top managers allegedly were tape-recorded in good-boy bantering about how little

value they placed on minority hiring, even though such hiring was official policy. A New York Times story described in some detail how managers manage to get around official anti-discrimination laws.

Possible conclusion: Affirmative action doesn't work anyway. Why are we so bent out of shape by something that nobody wants, that isn't needed and that doesn't work? The first thing to say is: It's not that simple.

Talk to the leadership of the NAACP, Urban League and others in the pro-affirmative action leadership and they'll explain to you that affirmative action is about fairness, not race or sex preference. Affirmative action opponents, assisted by the media, have confused everybody into thinking black people are demanding preferences, not just a level playing field. They say it so earnestly it's hard not to take them seriously.

But if they don't advocate preferences, why were they opposed to

CCRI, which, in its essence, is a prohibition against preferences?

The Case of the Disappearing Disaster — the congressional declaration that never happened — serves perfectly the argument of those who insist that affirmative action has been a bad thing. This is the '90s, they tell me, and whites aren't anywhere near as racist as they used to be. Instead of running as black candidates — which usually does require a black majority for victory — black politicians should be running as candidates. Let them show their wares, and they might tempt some buyers. Then they'd go down the list: Harold Washington, Doug Wilder, David Dinkins, etc.

Now they've got some new names to add to their I-told-you-so list: the re-elected redistricted, including Cynthia McKinney, whose new 4th District is only a third black and reportedly has the largest concentrations of Jews in the South. Her opponent, John Mitnick, is Jewish.

And again, it's not that simple. What looks on its face to be a solid repudiation of racism may be a manifestation of the power of incumbency. McKinney has said that the only reason she won was that her earlier election — from the district the Supreme Court said had to be dismantled — had given the voters a chance to know her. The clear implication: If she had to start from scratch today, she'd have no shot.

It's what affirmative action supporters have long argued: a little special treatment for a little while, to level the playing field, and then let us compete in splendid colorblindness.

Is there a case to be made that it's time for "a little while" to be over? Isn't it becoming harder with every Ron Brown and Colin Powell to argue the necessity for racial preference? Can't the case be made that black Americans have performed well enough and long enough in positions of power and influence that there is no longer the automatic assumption of black incompetence? But as Texaco reminds us: It's not that simple.

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Requirements: A MA degree or at least 5 years tertiary training in Library and Information Studies; extensive professional experience, including computerised cataloguing with Micro CDS-ISIS, thesaurus and database construction, AACR II and DDC20.

Job description: Lecturing and practical sessions in introductory and advanced manual or computerised cataloguing with Micro CDS-ISIS; classification, indexing, thesaurus and database construction; theory of information retrieval and bibliography description; administrative duties within the Department.

**FACULTY OF SCIENCE
DEPARTMENT OF STATISTICS
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Requirements: Ph.D or D.Sc in Statistics or Mathematical Statistics; at least 6 years tertiary teaching experience; proven research record with appropriate publications and international journals.

Job description: Teaching of Statistics, specialising in Distribution Theory, Analysis of Variance, Experimental Design, Quality Control and Multivariate Statistics.

Date of assumption of duties: 1 January 1997.

Closing date: 29 November 1998.

Contact person: Ms D Nashedh-Endjambi at +284-61-206-3101/2.

Fringe benefits: The University of Namibia offers competitive salaries and the following fringe benefits: pension fund/gratuity scheme • medical aid scheme • annual bonus • housing scheme • generous leave privileges • relocation expenses.

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Application procedure: Applications in writing, accompanied by a curriculum vitae stating full details of present salary notch, increment date, the earliest available date when duty can be assumed and including three referees should be submitted to: The Head, Recruitment and Administration, University of Namibia, Private Bag 13301, Windhoek, Namibia. Preliminary telegraphic applications may be made via telex 56-727 or fax +284-61-206-3843/206-3003.



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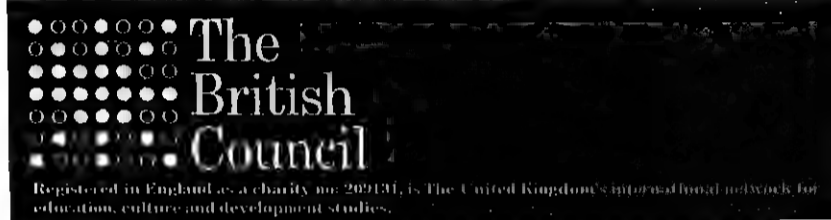
The main duties of the post will include the marketing of the Teaching Centre's consultancy and professional support services to schools and universities; negotiating agreements, carrying out consultations; professional follow up and support to institutions; organising and running teacher training courses and workshops with the assistance of other Teaching Centre staff; maintaining the Council's profile in the ELT constituency; organising workshops, attending conferences etc. The applicant will need to be able to work independently, feel confident about negotiating with head teachers, rectors of universities as well as dealing directly with EFL teachers at all levels. They will need to be able to assist with the implementation of change in institutions in a sensitive and authoritative manner.

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Contract start date: as soon as possible. The contract will be for 2 years in the first instance.

Qualifications: candidates will require a diploma level TEFL qualification plus at least 5 years' TEFL teaching experience. They will also have extensive Young Learners' and teacher training experience, an excellent command of Spanish and word processing skills. Experience of outreach work with schools/universities would be an advantage.

Application forms are available from Calice Miller, Recruitment Unit, Central Management Direct Teaching, The British Council 10 Spring Gardens, London, SW1A 2BN. Telephone 0171 389 4931, fax 0171 389 4140. Completed applications should be returned no later than 17 January 1997.



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Job description: Teaching, supervision of undergraduate and postgraduate dissertations, research, community service, participation in teaching practice, in-service education.

Date of assumption of duties: 1 February 1997.

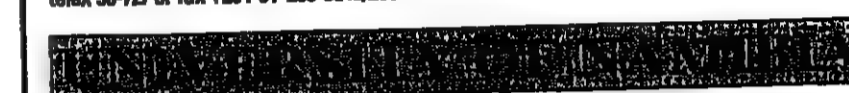
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Contact person: Ms D Nashedh-Endjambi at +284-61-206-3101/2.

Fringe benefits: The University of Namibia offers competitive salaries and the following fringe benefits: pension fund/gratuity scheme • medical aid scheme • annual bonus • housing scheme • generous leave privileges • relocation expenses.

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For further details and an application form please send a large SAE to: International Human Resources, Overseas Division, Oxfam, 274 Banbury Road, Oxford OX2 7DZ, quoting appropriate reference.

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Witness to famine

Mohamed Amin

M OHAMED "Mo" Amin, the Kenyan television camera man widely acclaimed for bringing Ethiopia's catastrophic famine in 1984 to world attention...

His film of the starving and dying was dubbed the "celluloid seconds that stabbed a billion hearts". It jolted the world into a huge relief effort...

Michael Buerk, the BBC newsreader who worked with him on many assignments, said: "I was with him when he lost several of his nine lives. He was one of the greatest of front-line cameramen."

Amin worked for Reuters Television, and won numerous awards in a career that began when he was a 13-year-old schoolboy with a camera covering the East African car rally and spanned four decades.

He had half his left arm blown off by a rocket while filming an exploding ammunition dump in Addis Ababa soon after the Ethiopian capital fell to rebels in June 1991. His soundman, John Mathai, was killed.

Amin had an artificial limb made in the United States and a



Amin: hijack victim

television camera adapted so he could carry on filming.

His Punjabi father was working on the East African railways when Amin was born. At the age of 11 he acquired a Box Brownie camera, and his future career was decided.

In 1969 Amin became British Cameraman of the Year for his coverage of the assassination of Kenya's economic and planning minister, Tom Mboya. He not only filmed the event, but also organised transport and accompanied the mortally wounded politician to Nairobi hospital.

Amin was awarded an MBE in 1992 to honour 30 years of covering troublespots in Africa, Asia and the Middle East.

David Sharrook

Mohamed Amin, cameraman, born August 29, 1943; died November 23, 1996

Mandarin who refused to grovel

Lord Bancroft

L ORD BANCROFT, the former head of the Civil Service, who has died aged 73, was the epitome of the Establishment mandarin: cautious, precise to the point of fastidiousness, and fighting to the end to try to preserve Whitehall's traditional values.

He warned 10 years ago about what he called the subtle and insidious dangers of Civil Service politicisation. "The dangers are of the younger people, seeing that advice which ministers want to hear falls with a joyous note on their ears..."

It all started with Margaret Thatcher: the prime minister and Bancroft, her chief mandarin, were like chalk and cheese, in personal chemistry as much as outlook. He paid due deference to his political master, and recognised that the mandarin needed some shaking-up — "we were stunningly good at re-inventing the wheel," he conceded.

Bancroft was educated at Contham School, Cleveland, and won a scholarship to Balliol College, Oxford. He served in the Rifle Brigade in the second world war and painted the words "St James' Infirmary Blues" — he was a fan of Louis Armstrong — on his Bren gun carrier.

An episode early in her Downing Street reign provides an illuminating insight into Bancroft's world at the pinnacle of his official career. Worried about the friction between Thatcher and the mandarin class, Willie Whitelaw arranged an informal encounter between the PM and the permanent secretaries.

They were on the defensive, shaken by what they regarded as her hectoring tone which they were entirely unused to. As Sir Frank Cooper, then permanent secretary at the Ministry of Defence, left to relieve himself, one of his colleagues remarked to another: "Thank God Frank's gone to get the SAS to get us out of here."

According to Professor Peter Hennessy, author of a magisterial study of Whitehall, the evening meeting ended abruptly at 10pm when Thatcher said: "Gentlemen! Your cars are waiting."

But he said that like many others he disliked limiting civil liberties and added: "What is beyond dispute is that the handling has been breathtakingly inept: a further example of the bloody fool branch of management science."

He had strong convictions of his own. A year ago in the Guardian, he delivered a stinging attack on the Government, accusing ministers of opening the way to corruption by undermining the central pillar of the century-old tradition of fair and open competition untrammelled by political bias.

Richard Norton-Taylor

He joined the Treasury in 1947, and soon embarked on the traditional route to the top as private secretary to three successive Chancellors, including Jim Callaghan, who later described Bancroft as "my strong right arm for three

years." In 1975 he was appointed permanent secretary at the Department of the Environment and in 1978, a year before Thatcher's first election victory, head of the Civil Service.

Bancroft, once described by a Civil Service union leader as "smooth as monumental alabaster", described himself as "inclined by temperament and training to understatement". Yet he could be cuttingly and purposefully sharp: he once heard ministers praising civil servants; they did so, he observed, "through gritted teeth".

In a letter to the Times shortly after Thatcher imposed a trade union ban at the GCHQ intelligence-gathering centre in January 1984, he said he did not know enough about the harm done by selective strikes there to comment on the merits of the Government's action.

lan Powell Bancroft, Lord Bancroft, civil servant, born December 23, 1922; died November 19, 1996

Italy rejoins exchange rate mechanism

John Palmer in Brussels

THE Italian lira this week rejoined the European exchange rate mechanism, four years after it was forced out of the system at the same time as sterling.

European Union finance ministers and central bank governors agreed that the lira could re-enter the ERM at 900 lire to the German mark after a tense eight-hour meeting in Brussels.

The decision came only hours before the opening of the international financial markets in the Far East and was hailed by the Italian government as marking a great step towards its participation in the single European currency to be launched in 1999.

But the breakthrough came only after Italy had agreed to German demands for a much stronger exchange rate than had been sought originally by the Rome government.

Its request for an exchange rate of more than 1,000 lire to the mark was rejected by other EU governments, led by France and Germany, who feared it might give Italian industry an

unjustified competitive edge. Although the re-entry of the lira clears the way for Italy to join the monetary union, German officials insisted that no final decision would be taken until early in 1998 about which countries should qualify for the single currency.

Under the terms of the Maastricht treaty, membership of the ERM is a prerequisite for countries wishing to sign up for the single currency. On the basis that monetary union does go ahead on schedule at the beginning of 1999, countries have

until the end of the year to join the system. However, both the UK and Sweden have argued against this condition for monetary union on the grounds that the ERM now is very different from that which was in operation when the Maastricht treaty was signed.

The German Chancellor, Helmut Kohl, said that he wanted to see as many countries as possible sign up for the first



Turned back... Clutching his West Bank identity card, a Palestinian is taken off a bus by Israeli border police and refused entry to Israel and Jerusalem

Left to rot in a siege economy

Kathy Evans on the plight of Palestinians caught in Israel's blockade

A HUGE poster greets visitors to Gaza as they leave the Israeli checkpoint. It says "Working for Peace", and underneath is a list of the projects under way in the besieged state which cannot yet speak its name: Palestine.

My Palestinian colleague looked contemptuously at the poster as he drove off into the dishvelled city of Gaza. "That's bullshit," he laughed. "There is no peace and there is no work."

Thirty months after Yasser Arafat touched down on Palestinian soil and the Palestinian flag was raised in freedom for the first time, the administration he governs looks as fragile as the peace process from which it was born. The flags may flutter, the traffic policemen may be Palestinian, and departments may call themselves ministries, but the reality is that its people and economy live, impoverished by an Israeli blockade, in cantons which feel more like prisons than pockets of freedom from occupation.

The next few weeks will show whether the peace process will survive at all. So far the Israeli prime minister, Benjamin Netanyahu, has proved reluctant to live up to his predecessor's agreement on the Arab city of Hebron, where 400 Jews live, guarded by 800 Israeli troops in a city of 100,000 Arabs.

The troops should have been out of most of the city by March.

Outside his office settlers with placards saying "Hebron First, next Jerusalem" provide a painful reminder of the response re-deployment will bring from his right-wing supporters. Meanwhile Israeli newspapers fuel Jewish fears by talk of possible massacres.

The punishing blockade mounted in the name of security after the series of Hamas bombings last February and March is designed, Israeli officials say, to keep the terrorists out. But not one terrorist act has been committed by a Palestinian worker with an Israeli work permit.

Moreover, the violence has continued even with the blockade. Palestinian officials argue — and foreign aid donors agree — that the closure has added benefit to Israel of keeping the Palestinian economy subservient to Israel's and its people reliant on Israeli goods and services.

At the cargo checkpoint at Qarni on the border of Gaza, the policy is clear. Over a glass of mint tea the Palestinian side, says that before the February blockade an average of 200-300 trucks passed through into Israel daily carrying Palestinian exports, and another 500 trucks came in with Israeli products. Last week the daily average had fallen to 25 outward and 120 inward bound. Some days only five manage to get through, he says.

"It's economic war. Sometimes they delay vegetables three weeks in security."

Before the blockade about 150,000 Palestinians used to work in Israel, providing cheap labour to the construction sector, industry and agriculture. Today the figure is about 50,000, of which only 15,000 come from Gaza. Only married men over 30 years of age with unblemished security records qualify for work in Israel.

The blockade and the pass laws have left Mr Arafat's Palestinian Authority (PA) teetering on the verge of bankruptcy, leaving Western aid donors to pick up the tab. Aid which was intended for development has been diverted to keeping the authority going and ensuring its bureaucrats and teachers are paid.

THIS YEAR the deficit is expected to be \$182 million, all paid for by Western donors, and each day the blockade continues the Palestinian economy loses about \$5 million. Not surprisingly, the country's GNP has dropped by 20 per cent.

This has left Western aid donors angered by the thought that they are, in the end, subsidising the Israeli blockade of Palestine. So far, discreet behind-the-scenes pressure from the US and Europe has failed to ease the closure significantly.

In the initial excitement of the authority's establishment, Western aid donors pledged some \$2.4 billion to foster development. About \$500 million was earmarked for 1995 alone,

At present all its imports and exports have to be handled by Israeli clearing agents. Endless security checks at Israel's ports delay consignments, sometimes for weeks at a time. Businessmen say that about 800 containers destined for Palestine are languishing at the Israeli ports of Ashdod and Haifa, all paying \$30 a day demurrage costs — which are of course passed on to consumers.

But the negotiations on the port and the airport have been stalled by Israel's insistence that its security forces should have the right to examine all incoming passengers and cargo. It also insists that Gaza airport civil aviation should be headed by an Israeli director-general, and refuses to let the airport be called Gaza International. The PA has rejected Israel control of security as contrary to the agreements.

Another key link already agreed but far from implemented is a safe corridor between Gaza and the West Bank. Only with such a link can the port of Gaza serve the important needs of the West Bank. Import then will Palestinians be able to pass between their two territories without asking the army.

Projects have been drawn up by foreign donors for a raised or fenced-in road linking Gaza to Hebron 40km away. So far there is no sign of any agreement. To the Netanyahu government it smacks too much of the beginnings of independence and statehood.

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US salutes Apec deal

Nick Gunning-Bruce in Manila PRESIDENT Clinton emerged from a summit of 18 Asian and Pacific rim countries on Monday claiming to have won "a big deal" by persuading them to accept 2000 as a target date for introducing free trade in information technology.

The agreement provided the most eye-catching initiative in a commitment by leaders of the Asia-Pacific Economic Co-operation (Apec) forum to liberalise trade among a group accounting for more than half of world production.

US officials hailed Mr Clinton's success in persuading Apec leaders to adopt a deadline for cutting tariffs on information technology that their ministers had earlier resisted — even with the lemons provided by the carefully hedged language of the leaders' statement.

This called for the conclusion of an information technology agreement by the ministerial meeting of the World Trade Organisation this month "that would substantially eliminate tariffs by the year 2000".

Mr Clinton said the agreement offers opportunities to increase US exports of information technology already worth \$100 billion a year.

However, Malaysia's prime minister, Mahatir Mohamad, expressed satisfaction with the final wording because of its flexibility. The deadline is "not binding; that means it depends on the abilities of countries concerned to open up their markets," he said.

China announced that by 2000 it will lower average tariffs from 23 per cent to 15 per cent, although the product range has yet to be settled.

wave of monetary union. However, he stressed there could be no weakening of the Maastricht criteria which set limits for public sector debt and deficits, inflation and interest rates. "The Maastricht criteria must be met without ifs and buts, and that means in the long term," Mr Kohl said in a speech to 800 European bankers in Frankfurt last week.

A devaluation of the French franc was disavowed by French ministers at the meeting in Brussels. "France has no need of any devaluation against other EU currencies, because it has a significant trade surplus," one French source said.

most of the year to join the system. However, both the UK and Sweden have argued against this condition for monetary union on the grounds that the ERM now is very different from that which was in operation when the Maastricht treaty was signed.

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Benefits of the ivy league

Mark Cooker

*The holly and the ivy
When they are both full grown
Of all the trees that are in the wood
The holly bears the crown*

IN THE coming weeks these famous lines will help to evoke the season's perennial sense of festivity. We may come to sing the words ourselves. We may even go to collect holly or, at least, ivy wreaths out of respect for the tree's long-standing magical associations and religious symbolism. But one thing that will be missing from all this Yuletide plant lore will be any thought for the carol's co-star — the ivy.

Unlike holly, ivy has virtually vanished from our repertoire of natural symbols. During Christmas few of us will deck the house with its glossy leaves as a token of good cheer. Even lower, if any, will honour its sovereign power against evil, hanging garlands above the door to ward off malign spirits.

In fact, if this magical shrub can evoke any emotional response today it is normally to do with morbidity and decay. Ivy is the plant *par excellence* of the Gothic tale. It's the roost for the owl and its haunting call. Ivy's luxuriant branches entwine and suffocate the ruined castle. And, when a dramatic shaft of lightning strikes, ivy, with its dark, melancholy foliage, is invariably part of the momentarily illuminated scene.

Of course, all these stereotypical images capture authentic aspects of the plant's rich ecology. Found throughout Europe and across northern and central Asia, the species thrives in shade or in damp soils and requires physical support to flourish. Buildings or trees are the structures on which it most frequently gains a footing. But once established it is capable of prolific growth.

Friends in London annually remove about 100kg of ivy from their two-storey house, and even then the



ILLUSTRATION: ANTHONY BAY

single plant has broken through onto the top floor and expanded across the bathroom.

Many of the species' negative associations derive from the myth that it is a parasite which slowly drains its host of energy. Although its climbing stems do attach themselves by means of numerous tiny roots, they don't penetrate the tree trunk nor extract nutrients. It is possible that a big specimen will eventually become too heavy for its host and cause its collapse, but the tree is often already weakened by some other means.

Ivy's evergreen foliage is, as the horror stories often indicate, a favoured site for owls. But it also shelters many other roosting birds, especially in winter when it may be the only thick cover available. Another benefit of its curious life cycle is that it flowers from September to November. When most other plants have finished, ivy's profuse spread

of green blooms provide unseasonal nectar and pollen for autumn insects.

Another wider environmental service is linked to the late development of the berries. These don't usually start to ripen until the New Year has turned, when most other trees are becoming exhausted. Thus, at the time of least abundance ivy once more comes to the rescue. Wood pigeons and thrushes are especially grateful for the black fruits of the Bentwood tree. No wonder our more nature-sensitive ancestors looked upon ivy as a symbol of good luck.

So next time you are asked to remember that "of all the trees in the wood the holly bears the crown", or even after you have just stabbed your hands on the holly's sharp prickles, try and save one small blessing for its poor relation: the late-flowering, fruit-bearing, bird-feeding, root-protruding, shelter-giving, and prickly-free ivy.

Chess Leonard Barden

WHEN the UK league began its fourth season at Blackburn in October with a record 18 teams, the focus of attention was British Chess Magazine v Richmond.

On the top two boards, the BCM's experienced grandmasters Chandler and Meastel met Luke McShane, aged 12, the wunderkind of British chess, and Richard Bates, aged 17, who with two title norms already looks en route to becoming our youngest international master. Would the GMs be scalped?

Bates v Meastel

1 d4 Nf3 2 Nf3 g6 3 b4 "The Speckled Egg" variation, according to GM Keith Arkell who plays it regularly. White plans a rapid Q-side expansion to divert Black from his usual K-side attack. Bg7 4 e3 0-0 5 Bb2 d6 6 Nbd2 Nbd7 7 Rb1 Guarding the B stops the freeing tactic e5 dxe5 Ng4. b8? Qe8! (threatens e5) 8 Nc4 b6 looks more accurate.

8 b5 Bb7 9 c4 Re8 10 Be2 e5 Black has achieved his thematic advance, but the rook is best at f8 where it supports a later pawn push. 11 0-0 e4 12 Ne1 c5 A sign that Black's opening has gone badly. The normal play h5 with Nf8-h7-g5 and Bg4 is too slow here with the Bb7 misplaced. 13 bxc6 Bxc6 14 Ba3! Seizing on Black's weak spot. Qc7 15 Nc2 Bb7 16 Rb3 Nf8 17 Nb1! Regrouping towards d5. Ba6 18 Re3 Ne6 19 Nb4 Bb7 20 Rc1 Qd7 21 Nc3 h5 22 Nbd5 Ng5 At last the thematic plan, but too late.

23 Nb5! Bxd5 24 cxd5 Nxd5 25 Qb3 Qe6 If the knight moves, 26 Nc7. 26 Bc4 Now White wins a piece and easily beats off Black's belated K-side attack.

Nf3- 27 gxf3 Qh3 28 Bxd5 Re5 29 Bxd6 exf3 30 Bxf3 Qxf3 31 Bxe5 Bxe5 32 Qd1 Bxh2-33 Kxh2 Resigns

Murray Chandler's new book *The Complete c3 Sicilian* (Batsford, £14.99) is an excellent up-to-date survey of a line that helped IBM's

super-computer, Deep Blue, defeat Garry Kasparov. Play it, and your opening homework against the Sicilian is greatly reduced. McShane took on the author in his backyard, but his apparently solid formation was blown apart by 7 e5! and Black's game was already hopeless at move 10.

Chandler v McShane

1 e4 e5 2 c3 d6 3 d4 Nf6 4 Bd3 Nbd7 5 Nf3 Qc7 6 0-0 b6? 7 e5! dxe5 8 dxe5 Nxe5? 9 Nxe5 Qxe5 10 Qf3 Nd5 If Rb8 11 Bf4 wins, or if Qd5 11 Bb5+ Bd7 12 Bxd7+ Kxd7 13 Rd1. 11 c4 e6 12 cxd5 Bd6 13 g3 Bb7 14 Nc3 0-0-0 15 Bf4 Qf6 16 Ne4 Bxd5 17 Ba6+ Kb8 18 Bxd6+ Rxd6 19 Qxf6 gxf6 20 Nxd6 Resigns

No 2449



a b c d e f g h

Tony Miles v Jan Timman, Tilburg 1983: in double rook endings you try to establish your rooks on the seventh row, confining your opponent's king to the back row. Here Black (to play) had the ideal situation when the GMs adjourned overnight. But though Timman burnt the midnight oil and tried all kinds of formations, he couldn't find a win. Remarkably, there is one, just a few moves deep. Can you do better?

No 2448: 1 Qe2 Kxe5 2 Nf6 Kd6 3 Qe5. If Kd3 2 Ne7 Ke4 3 Qe2, or Kd5 2 Qe2 Kc6 3 Qxb5.

Notes & Queries

Joseph Harker

WHICH countries do not have any McDonald's restaurants?

AFGHANISTAN has yet to succumb to McDonaldism, though I can recommend the local equivalent, chapli kebabs folded in hot nan, as being far superior to anything McDonald's can offer. Nor have I seen an official McDonald's in Pakistan, though there are numerous copycat fast-food shops in Islamabad and Peshawar that sell excellent pizzas, spicy chicken and burgers. — Jonathan Lee, Sheffield

INDIA and Nepal do not have McDonald's because the Hindu faith prohibits the eating of cow produce. I doubt Libya has any. Iraq, Iran, North Korea and other anti-American states are other anti-McDonald's free too. — Jamie Ferguson, London

THERE are a large number of countries, especially in Africa and Asia, that don't have McDonald's restaurants: Angola, Zimbabwe, South Africa, Chad, Burundi, Mozambique and Nepal, to name a few. For further information, you can contact McDonald's at this internet site: <http://www.mcdonalds.com/main> — Michael A Smolowitz, Buenos Aires, Argentina

DO RAINBOWS, or similar phenomena, occur at night?

YES. They occur every time we have a full (or near full) moon at the Victoria Falls in Zimbabwe. They appear in the spray above and around the water falls. The spray, in fact, falls with such intensity that it "rains" 24 hours a day. — David Brown, Harare, Zimbabwe

FOR those nocturnal walkers who inhabit the clear air of the northern dales, a pure white rainbow against a black sky is not an infrequent sight. For further confirmation, visit the Tate gallery in London and see Turner's painting of a night rainbow in the Lakes. — Delphine Ruston, Richmond, Yorkshire

Any answers?

"A SLAP-UP MEAL": what has "slap" got to do with it? — Don Henderson, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire

ALL MOONS in our solar system have names: Callisto, Io, Ganymede, etc. Why doesn't earth's moon have a name? — Tom Leland, New York

HAVE BOMBS ever resembled the cannonball with a fuse seen in cartoons? — Gerard Mackay, Nasciuffe, Shropshire

SHOPPING trolleys taken from supermarkets by customers litter the streets worldwide. Will anybody ever think of a way to solve this problem? — CJ De Jong, Eastbourne, East Sussex

Answers should be e-mailed to weekly@guardian.co.uk, faxed to 0171/44171-242-0885, or posted to The Guardian Weekly, 75 Farringdon Road, London EC1M 3HQ. Readers with access to the internet can respond to Notes & Queries via <http://go2.guardian.co.uk/nq/>

French icon gets a makeover

Alex Duval Smith

AS EUROPE prepares to see out the millennium, the *fin de siècle* icon offered to French youth is a dead minister, pictured in monochrome on street corners and postage stamps.

The ashes of André Malraux, who died in 1976, were placed in the Pantheon memorial in Paris last weekend.

The author of *La Condition Humaine* and founder of the French culture ministry has been reinvented in a publicity campaign to rival most pop promotions. Parisian commuters on Métro platforms can watch Malraux's life story on television screens. Squares, streets and schools are to be named after him. Even the Bosnian capital, Sarajevo, now has an André Malraux cultural centre.

But then it was Malraux who, in 1959, convinced his friend General de Gaulle that wars would be won through the arts, and that "every child in France has as much right to paintings, theatre and cinema as to the alphabet".

Since every self-respecting

French government needs an intellectual on its side, the current Gaullist president, Jacques Chirac, wants Malraux's friendship, too. But the heroin-addicted, philandering bisexual who was culture minister from 1959 to 1969 has not been easy to reinvent. The post office, eager to comply with — often flouted — laws against tobacco promotion, was unable to find a picture in which Malraux was not smoking. So it copied a 1935 Gisèle Freund photograph and removed the Gitane.

In the build-up to the Gaullist ceremony at the Pantheon — the 18th century former church where Léon Foucault tried out his pendulum — Malraux's life story has been edited beyond credibility. Among the flurry of "open letters to Malraux" published in the press, one by the right-wing novelist Jean-Etienne Haillet described Malraux as a "staunch anti-socialist" who today would be "anti-Maastricht and pro-Serb".

Born in 1901, he was haunted by death — the suicides of his father and grandfather, the death of a lover and two of his own children. Some of his best writing was in



André Malraux (right) is photographed in 1935 by Gisèle Freund and minus the Gitane, on a postage stamp

funeral eulogies and in his biography of T.E. Lawrence.

After spending his youth in French Indochina, pillaging the temples of Angkor, he headed a republican air squadron in Spain even before the communists formed the International Brigades in August 1936. But he fell out with the Friends of the USSR, and didn't fight with the communist Resistance. Only in 1944 did he join De Gaulle's Absce-Lorraine brigade.



Letter from Bamako Robert Lacville

Welding a life

LIVING inside Africa brings the privilege of sharing other people's lives. My neighbour Samaké died last year. On his deathbed he took my hand: "Je vous confie mes 17 enfants." Quite a privilege! It doesn't mean that Jeanne and I actually have to adopt all 17 children. Nor am I duty-bound to marry his two wives. But I am expected to help out to share responsibility with his brother and his many friends and neighbours. For a start, I contributed 50kg of millet for the "sacrifice" meal and prayers for the commemorating the 40th day of the soul's departure. But my main duty is to visit.

At least once each week, I make a brief appearance in the Samaké family compound. I sit with the widows. The older sons come across to discuss school and exams. Sometimes I pay for school books. Rather pompously, I instruct the smaller boys to behave well and to show respect for their mothers.

African elders do not jiggle children on their knees; nor do we compromise our dignity by playing trains or football. We buy rubber balls to give pleasure, while remaining aloof and distinguished. I have a rule that the younger children must shake my hand. I actually insisted on this because I was afraid that I might be ignored! Having made the rule, I find myself faintly absurd as I stand in my embroidered African robes, surrounded by 10 grubby kids all under 12 years of age. Secretly I feel like a white waxwork dummy but I dare say I appear wonderful to them as they stare up at me, clamouring to shake my hand.

The eldest Samaké daughter, who is married, lives in Paris. She sends \$200 contributions to the family several times each year. Maybe she and her husband scrub floors or sweep the platforms of the Métro. They are probably harassed daily by the police and live in fear of deportation. Her generosity in adversity makes my own efforts seem puny.

I give the occasional bag of rice or millet, a sheep for Tabaski (Id-el-

Kurban), a suitcase full of outgrown clothes from nephews in Europe. For non-permanent impact, I decided to set up the eldest son as an artisan.

Six months before his father died, young Samaké finished his three-year course at the Catholic Mission technical school. "I am a welder" he said. But no one is a welder, who does not weld. And to weld, you need equipment. I sent him off to collect a list of necessary equipment, prices and suppliers. A German welding unit costs nearly \$1,000. The only alternative is a unit manufactured by the Malian Federation of Artisans (FNAM), which costs half the price of the German version, and there is an active export of Malian welding units to neighbouring countries. Naturally I chose "made-in-Mali". Young Samaké's list included welding rods, sheet metal cutters, a hammer, a leather apron... to my dismay he offered to do without the protective gloves and goggles if the total cost was too high. This set off my standard safety lecture: inwardly shuddering at memories of African welders wearing plastic sunglasses.

WE MADE a down-payment for the welding unit, and I sent young Samaké off with \$15 to join the FNAM. That evening he was beaming with pride as he showed me his membership card. "Now I am a real welder."

Two weeks later we collected the shiny red welding unit and delivered it to the FNAM branch workshops. Here young Samaké can learn his trade and share in collective work. His first job was making benches for the new Bamako high school. He pays a monthly rent to FNAM for space and electricity. The workshops are full of young men hanging around with no equipment. We bought a metal trunk, padlocks and heavy chains to protect our investment.

A welder needs work. I ordered a metal grille for the kitchen window and gave young Samaké an advance to buy steel rods. The result was ex-

cellent. I gave money for paint and we admired his handiwork. But naturally young Samaké didn't want me to pay him for the labour. "You are my father," I bought an accounts book, and helped him work out how much he needs to earn each day on average. A kitchen window grille takes three days. I paid him \$30, urging him to apply commercial rules instead of family values.

"Samaké son, you have two pockets: one is for your business, the other is for the family. If your mother needs money, you will give her what is in the family pocket. But never give her money from the business pocket. That is not your money. It is the money of the welding business."

"I understand."

"And if your mother needs money for medicine, what can you do?"

"I give her money from the family pocket," said Samaké.

"But what if the family pocket is empty?"

Young Samaké was silent. We both knew that it would be impossible for him, in practice, to refuse to buy his mother's medicine. Even if (as is very probable) the doctor has prescribed effervescent Vitamin C tablets imported from Switzerland, which are more expensive than a kilo of fresh oranges. Relentlessly I pursued my commercial argument against African logic.

"You cannot give her money from the business pocket, because that money does not belong to you, Samaké. It belongs to the welding unit." He agreed, relieved.

Samaké needed more work. Our ironing board fell over. He mended it nicely. We discovered that imported ironing-boards are expensive, so I asked Samaké to make me a new one. The finished product cost one-third of the imported version. So I ordered a second, which I gave to Old Brother's wife. Much against his will, I insisted on paying against his will. I insisted on paying the commercial rate of \$10 per day for his labour. We wrote it down carefully in his accounts book. When I found out that there had been no welding work for two weeks, I ordered two more ironing-boards. This year, I am giving ironing-boards for Christmas.

A Country Diary

Veronica Heath

NORTHUMBERLAND: The gates this autumn brought down a venerable oak tree, which fell across the lane to a local farm. The trunk had to be sawn and dragged aside and I was interested to see that in its rotted interior a hive of bees had once swarmed. Several old combs still hung perpendicular, fixed to the innards of the trunk. Bee combs consist of waxen cells constructed by the workers for storing honey and as cradles for the young. The deceased tree made me look afresh at others in our village, some of a prodigious height. There were several that lost rotted limbs in the storm.

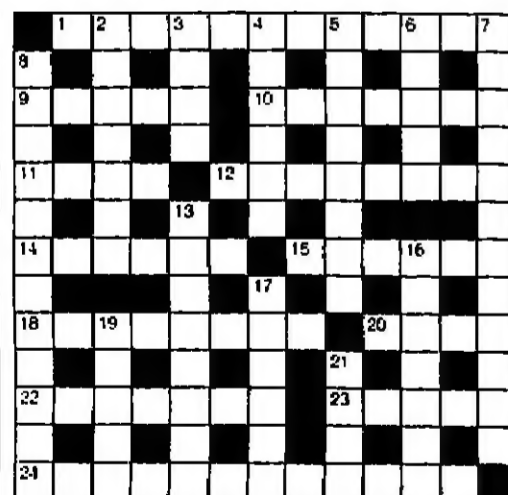
A local beekeeper has brought me a lot of honey this year. In bar frames so that I can fill my jars. Early collections were predominantly from oil-seed rape fields and this honey cannot be kept beyond a month or two before becoming very waxy — when it becomes unsuitable for toast or scones I use it to spread on roasting meat. None is wasted in this kitchen.

Recently the door bell rang and there was my bee-man friend, this time with two bar-frames of heather honey. "I have had them on the moors at Hepple," he told me. They were delicious golden combs. When the beekeeper went up to collect his hives there was a small toad only 3 inches long sitting in front of one of them, nicely placed to catch any bee coming out. "It were very sleepy and the stomach full of my bees..." Did he kill it? No, he said, he hadn't the heart to do that and besides they chiefly only eat the old or diseased bees. It is not only toads that rob swarms but also hedgehogs. "Once my bees swarmed under, instead of inside the hive," my friend told me. "I saw a hedgehog wade straight into the swarm, sticking its head in the middle of a moving mass of bees and then backing out again, munching and swallowing. If I hadn't chased it off, the beastie would have had another go."

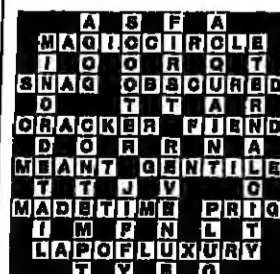
Quick crossword no. 342

Across

- Young hopeful of a district (9,3)
- Wall hanging (5)
- Brave (7)
- Nail, sitch, or course (4)
- Marsupial (with court) (8)
- Whole (6)
- Sing like a bird (6)
- 16th century Indian chief (8)
- Egyptian canal (4)
- Instruction, maybe private (7)
- Country bordering Congo (5)
- Economic individualism (7,5)



Last week's solution



Down

- Yellow fruit (7)
- Eject (from position of power) (4)
- Display (6)
- Former means of communication (8)
- One of a flight (5)
- Yellow city toxic solvent (12)
- Head waiter or steward (6,1,5)
- Agreements (8)
- Whale fat (7)
- Printed cotton fabric (6)
- Proof of absence (5)
- City of the Taj Mahal (4)

Bridge Zia Mahmood

CAN YOU play bridge too well? I know it's not something you would ever accuse your partner of doing, but it's certainly possible. If you don't believe me, ask any of the Danish team, whose heart-breaking story was the highlight of the Rhodes Olympiad.

When the 96th and supposedly final deal of the match between Denmark and Indonesia was over, the Danish supporters in the packed Vugraph theatre gave a mighty roar and rushed to congratulate their heroes. The scoreboard showed that Denmark had won by the tiny margin of 5 IMPs, and had earned the right to meet France in the final for the gold medal. But there had been a scoring error! Both teams checked and re-checked the totals, but the result was always the same — a dead heat.

Danish despair was matched by Indonesian hope as the weary players returned for an extra eight deals. Seven of them had been played, and Denmark had eked out a lead of 9 IMPs before the final deal was placed on the table. And this time, there was no question of error — Denmark really did have the lead by that margin.

Indonesia required a swing of 10 IMPs on the last board, and such swings are rare in top-class play. All

eyes were rivetted to the Vugraph screen, which showed these cards: The bidding in the Closed Room

North		East	
♠6	♥K1064	♠J9843	♥A953
♦87	♠AQJ1065	♦QJ	♦87
West		South	
♠AK52	♥None	♠Q107	♥QJ872
♦AK65432	♦QJ	♦109	♦932
♣K4			

with Indonesia East-West was:

(1) A takeout double, with values in

South	West	North	East
	Pwen	Wgas	Double(1)
No	3♣(2)	No	3♣
No	4♣	No	No
No		No	

the major suits. (2) A cue bid, showing a powerful hand with support for one of the majors.

Panlewen ns West rightly foresaw the danger of a club lead through his king at trick one, and Indonesia scored a safe \$20. But in the other room, Dennis Koch and Jens Auker for Denmark bid like this: (1) A very clever bid. Koch saw that

if Auker had the king of clubs, it should be protected from the opening lead, so he temporised with three diamonds to allow Auker to bid a major suit first. (2) Blackwood with spades agreed as trumps. (3) One ace. (4) Asking for the queen of spades. (5) Considering that his extra card in spades was as good as the queen, Koch bid the slam.

Six spades by West was a good contract, and the Danes' auction was quite brilliant. But Sacul led ace and another club, Auker won the second round and laid down the two top spades, and Indonesia played in the Olympic final.

Looking for Mr Redgrave

THEATRE
Michael Billington

LYNN REDGRAVE'S one-woman show, widely seen in America, is the story of her lifelong quest for her father's love. Sir Michael Redgrave was, of course, a great actor. But what makes his daughter's account so compelling is not the theatricality of her performance, but the sense that only as he neared death was she able to receive the affection she desperately craved. She interweaves her story with copious extracts from Shakespeare and the one that seems most painfully relevant is King Lear. Lynn Redgrave casts herself as one of nature's Cordelias: a shy tongue-tied youngest child who cannot leave her heart into her mouth and who even walks in fear of her aloof father.

But, as Sir Michael lies dying of Parkinson's disease, the barriers fall and the two of them are at last able to declare their love: a situation more common in British family life than we care to admit.

But, as well as being a hindsight saga, the show also gives Lynn Redgrave a chance to show off her versatility as a mimic. She gives us a fund of theatrical stories and pen-portraits of the famous. Here is Edith Evans swooping and darting rather nervously through Hay Fever, Maggie Smith with the nasal tones of Kenneth Williams and the sinuous curves of an Erté fashion-plate, and Dorothy Tutin breathily offering advice to the aspiring actress.

The danger is that it could easily descend into green room gossip: an inbred show for aficionados only. But what makes it something infinitely more touching is the sense of relieved pain.

One gasps with astonishment at the emotional negligence of Sir Michael, who falls to record Lynn's birth in his meticulously kept diary, who treats her with a cold indifference during her childhood, and who walks out on her debut in a school play.

Yet there is nothing of condemnation in his daughter's account: only a desperate attempt to understand this difficult, difficult man.

She also evokes memories of his enthralling performances. He was the best of all Hamlets, a magnificent noble ruin of an Antony and, as Uncle Vanya, the perfect embodiment of Chekhovian waste. The paradox that remains is how he could be so emotionally candid on stage while being so misanthropic and guarded in private. Not even Lynn Redgrave can quite solve that riddle. But her show evokes memories of a great actor unmatched at playing driven intellectuals and records her search for the elusive private man.

It will appeal to those who like theatrical home-chat and rehearsal room anecdotes. But, more seriously, it reminds us that the bone of British life is its emotional constipation and that the love that dare not speak its name is all too often that between parents and children.



Hunky punky... Harry Belafonte flaps the linen in Robert Altman's jazz-fest film, Kansas City

Thank you for the music

CINEMA
Derek Malcolm

OF ALL American filmmakers, Robert Altman is the biggest gambler. He gambles not just by the use of subject matter Hollywood wouldn't touch — at least not in the same irreverent way — but also in the very way he makes movies. He stitches them together from often disparate elements to create an entity that hopefully makes sense. And he doesn't tell his actors what to do with the lines; rather, they can do substantially what they like.

Sometimes he wins, and when he does, a masterpiece like Nashville or Short Cuts results. Sometimes he loses, as he did with Prêt-à-Porter, where the fashion jungle became a jumble. Kansas City is midway between the two. This attempt to remember his corrupt, jazz-soaked hometown during the days of the youth in the thirties is like a series of riffs during which the theme tune

Sign of the times

NEW RELEASE
Dan Gialster

AFTER all the huffing and puffing, the sulking and the name changes, the artist whose name is now a registered trademark celebrated his freedom last week with a concert at his Paisley Park studios. Boyz II Men were there to listen to his set, so were Donatella Versace, and, er, Grateful Dead wannabes, Phish. The party food was Captain Crunch, the newly liberated one's favourite breakfast cereal.

For 30 minutes, the Artist played three tracks from Emancipation, his long-awaited triple album, as well as three by another chap called Prince. A live broadcast of the album launch was relayed to a record shop in London, where 100 fans gathered at 7am to watch on a video screen. From such devotion are careers formed.

The set was remarkable for its energy, musicianship and consummate professionalism. At 38, the former purple limp looked to be at the peak of his powers. Dancing through the new CD's opening track Jam Of The Year, wiggling out to his own guitar solo on Purple Rain, or leading some inspired en-

sembles just as we applaud the soloists.

The plot just about holds together. Jennifer Jason Leigh is a telegraph operator who kidnaps the drug-addicted wife (Miranda Richardson) of a leading presidential advisor (Michael Murphy) on the day of the mayoral elections. She does it to get her man (Dermot Mulroney) back. He's being held by Harry Belafonte's Seldom Seen, a black gangster whom he's unwisely tried to cross. The politician must use his influence, or else.

It is an orthodox thriller structure. Upon it, Altman constructs a kaleidoscopic panorama of a lawless city which, though it was full of racism, played host to some of the greatest jazzmen in the world.

Charlie Parker, Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins are each given cameos in the film, with the music played by today's best young musicians. If nothing else, the film is a joy to listen to. Its high spot is the cutting contest between Hawkins and Young at the Hey Hey Club, as

Seldom Seen explains that he may be a crook but it's what whites deserve for being so greedy.

And the music isn't the film's only strength. It is also good to look at, with art direction, design and costumes providing an immaculate sense of period. The problem lies with the lead characters, and especially with Leigh's performance as the character adores, she forgets that charm was part of her armoury, as well as sing. Her portrait is acting pushed towards parody, and tipped over the edge.

Richardson's laudanum-soaked kidnap victim is another matter, as is Belafonte's Seldom Seen. But even they are curiously uninvolved figures in this landscape, where the sights and sounds of the city comfortably dominate the screenplay.

In the end, the film-making seems almost careless and often perfunctory, as if Altman's memories — a mixture of nostalgia and acerbic irony — aren't clear enough

for the deal in hand: to tell it like it was, but in a way that will entertain us royally.

If the racism of the time is eloquently interpreted through Seldom Seen — a Marcus Garvey convert with a philosophical excuse for lining his own pockets — the realisation that captor and captive may have more in common than meets the eye seldom works as it should.

But if the heart of the package is disappointing, the wrapping is worth seeing. And, particularly, hearing. No one so in love with jazz as Altman could fail to transmit his enthusiasm to others. In this respect Kansas City is a success. The rest seems like a gamble that doesn't quite come off.

Iranian cinema, though beset by censorship problems, has risen again in recent years, thanks in large part to the West's espousal of the work of Abbas Kiarostami. It's unlikely to reach the heights of the sixties and early seventies under the present regime, but judging by Mohsen Makhmalbaf's Gabbah, where there's life, there's hope.

This film, named after the central character and the carpet she weaves, is a poetic and fabulist love story set among the nomadic tribes of southeastern Iran, where a young woman pleads for her father's permission to marry. A horseman waits on the horizon for her. Meanwhile her ageing uncle, seeking a wife for himself, gives her moral support.

This wisp of a plot allows Makhmalbaf to both make a quiet, almost elliptical statement about the position of women in Iran and give us some ravishing shots of the terrain and the nomads' lifestyle. All this is supplemented by the idea that art and life are indivisible, and that reality and myth are nearer to each other than we suppose. On screen we see a mixture of both, and the story is illustrated on the carpet the girl weaves.

The film, an Iranian-French co-production, has been banned in Iran, though it is in no way a political statement like some of this director's other films. Visual poetry, it seems, is as suspect anything else.

the music dictate what I want... maybe this is my Citizen Kane.

It is multi-styled, polished, fantastically produced, and superbly performed, but after two listens the only thing I could remember about the lyrics was the line on Joint 2, Joint: "You think you're my soulmate, you don't even know which cereal I like — Captain Crunch."

Joint 2 Joint is emblematic of the beauty and the frustrations associated with following the man's music. It moves smoothly from style to style: mellow soul, rap, funk. Although it fails to deliver in any of them, it does remind us that opera director Peter Sellars once compared the Artist to Mozart for his abundant creativity.

The new deal with EMI is unique in that the record company merely handles the distribution for the artist. He gets to keep the masters and dictate the release schedule. It is quite a coup. The man is like a small child let loose in the playpen of his dreams: "Sometimes I stand in awe of what I do myself," he said recently as he listened to the album. "I feel like a regular person but I listen to this and wonder, where did it come from?"

The CDs feel like three separate albums. The first features the jazz and gentle funk side of the Artist. The catchiest number is the single, a cover of the Stylistics' Becha By

Golly Wow. It is a fine, faithful tribute to a great song, the Artist scating over the top of the original melody, adding layer upon layer.

CD two, the weakest of the three, gets all lovey-dovey, closing with a paean to the mother of his child, Friend, Lover, Sister, Mother/Wife. That comes just after Let's Have A Baby, Yik. It has its funky moments, however. Emale is a soulful meditation on all things cyber, with the chorus "www.emale.com".

The third CD gets more interesting. Slave is a Housequake-style atmospheric stormer, New World sounds like a hi-energy Giorgio Moroder. Face Down is a rap that where he works best, in a club setting, getting off on the groove. There's another cover, a rich, soulful version of the Delfonics' La La Means I Love You, a bit of hard funk, some disco, and a rocking version of Joan Osborne's One Of Us. The set winds down with an epic, synth-laden The Love We Make, groover closing with the title track, a groover that sounds like Stevie Wonder with something naughtily down his trousers.

It is a partial return to form. The good is very good, the worst is quite good. The best news is the final CD, which is reminiscent of some of the joys of his earlier music. As for the rest — edit and enjoy.

Marching to an off-beat drum

OPERA
Andrew Clements

IT HAS taken just over 30 years for Bernd Alois Zimmermann's only opera to make it on to the stage in London. At least three British companies, including Covent Garden, have contemplated productions over the past 10 years, only to get cold feet when they saw the balance sheet — with an orchestra of more than 100, a large cast, three film screens and three acting areas it is not a work to take lightly. But English National Opera

has boldly gone where no one else has dared: Die Soldaten opened at the London Coliseum last week, directed by David Freeman and conducted by Elgar Howarth.

In purely logistical terms the evening is a triumph: simply presenting the piece as coherently and musically precisely as ENO has managed is a huge achievement.

Based on Jakob Lenz's 18th century play, Die Soldaten tells the story of a hapless teenager, Marle, who thinks she can become upwardly mobile by marrying an officer in the local army garrison. To the soldiers,

though, she is just a bit on the older she is raped and ruined, and ends the opera as a street prostitute.

If the story is relatively simple, Zimmermann's treatment of it is anything but. Writing an opera for an avant-garde composer in the early 1980s was a dangerous business — most of his contemporaries dismissed the medium as old hat — and Zimmermann went out of his way to show that he could make the work conform to current ideas of complexity.

Hence the use of musical and dramatic multiplicity, of scenes happening simultaneously and

collages of different styles — the kind of thing that is taken for granted nowadays in film and pop but which was quite new at that time.

The message of the piece is a sincere one, if slightly muddled and indulgent in its execution: when you train soldiers to act aggressively they will transfer that behaviour to their private lives; and it is society that bears the consequences.

Freeman's production rams that point home by using much more film footage than even Zimmermann prescribed, and by providing the action with a constant backdrop of squaddies marching and drilling for battle.

But he makes sure that the narrative thread is never obscured. And in the pit Howarth

presents Zimmermann's teaming score as lucidly as one could ever hope for all its atavistic outbursts, the music also contains many passages of chamber-like intimacy, in which what characterisation there is of the protagonists is allowed to emerge.

Most of the characters are little more than ciphers. Only Marie, sung here by Lisa Saffer with astonishing accuracy in some stratospheric soprano writing, gets fleshed out in any detail.

Die Soldaten may not be a masterpiece, but it is more than a period piece. Other composers later took up Zimmermann's ideas and did them better, but to get the chance to hear his first attempt is fascinating.

The Fo must go on

It takes more than a heart attack to slow down Italy's leading playwright, writes Lyn Gardner

IT IS sleeting hard and the temperature is below zero but Dario Fo wants to go for a walk. It is a year since the author of the political farces Can't Pay, Won't Pay and The Accidental Death Of An Anarchist suffered a heart attack. But there seems little sign of the eyesight and memory loss that forced him to cancel a world tour last year. Fo is vigorous, twinkly-eyed and still amazingly attractive for a man of 70 — and he knows it.

In Britain to collect an honorary doctorate from the University of Westminster, he is itching to see the Globe before flying back to his native Italy. Who knows, it may even stop sleeting for him. Fo seems used to getting what he wants.

When I mention that although he may be the most performed living playwright, the British seem to prefer their Ayckbourns and Godbers, he looks put out and starts citing the productions of his work in this country. He points out that the slogan Can't Pay, Won't Pay was taken up by the poll-tax protesters.

What he will concede is that British translators and directors have not always shown his work to its best advantage. Too often Fo's plays have been treated simply as gag-a-minute Whitehall farces.

The Accidental Death Of An Anarchist, based on the story of a railway worker who "accidentally" fell from the window of a Milan police station while under interrogation, had a particular pertinence in Britain when it was first performed in 1979. That was soon after the death of Blair Peach. The production eventually transferred to the West End, lost its political edge in the process, and before long even the cast were referring to it as The Incidental Death Of Analysis.

Similarly, Trumpets And Raspberries, with all references to the kidnapped and murdered Aldo Moro removed, merely became a West End vehicle for Griff Rhys Jones.

"People can do what they like to my texts, but I insist they do it with style," says Fo. "Some of these pro-



Dario Fo is the most performed living playwright in the world, but not shown to his best advantage in Britain. PHOTO: DOUGLAS JEFFERY

ductions used the text as if it were a rag. When these plays are performed with no ideological commitment and no indignation against repression and arrogance, there is a gap — and they tend to fill it with banal vulgarity.

He shrugs: "The question for any theatre practitioner is, why do you do theatre? What drives you on? What do you want to say?"

For Fo, the son of a station-master, brought up 80km from Milan, what he wants to say has never been in doubt. "Culturally I have always been part of the proletariat. I lived side by side with the sons of glass-blowers, fishermen and smugglers. The stories they told were sharp satires about the hypocrisy of authority and the middle classes. I was born politicised."

Yet it is the paradox of Fo, and also part of his success, that though he could be loathed by the establishment (on one occasion he was arrested and imprisoned as a subversive) and condemned by the church (the Vatican described Mister Bufio as "the most sacrilegious performance ever broadcast since the invention of the television"), he

also became wildly popular with middle-class theatre-goers. It would be a pity, though, if a distrust of champagne socialists were to turn us away from Fo. Despite his health problems, he shows no sign of slowing down; and Britain is finally beginning to recognise his influence on its native practitioners.

Jacques Lecoq is often said to have shaped young British performers and directors, but Fo has also helped form the work of innovative companies such as Theatre de Complicité and directors such as Neil Bartlett.

But how does one make sense of a career that has seen Fo condemned as a subversive, then proposed as a worthy recipient of the Nobel prize, as he has moved from bourgeois to radical theatre and back again?

"That is simple," Fo replies. "There was once an Austrian paediatrician who said: 'Give me the first five years of a child's life, because everything that comes afterwards is repetition.' It is the same with playwrights. After the first five plays you have said everything; you just keep on saying it differently."

Fergie's red, red wine

TELEVISION
Nancy Banks-Smith

THE Duchess of York scooped up photographs of the Queen ("I love her to bits") and rushed them out of the room or turned them face down before the camera caught them. "I've got pictures of the Queen in my house," remarked Ruby Wax, acting miffed. And don't we all? Some first-class. Some second.

Ruby Wax Meets The Duchess Of York (BBC1) was a wide-ranging interview. It moved from the kitchen of Romenda Lodge ("Can you make me a cup of tea? You've got to make the tea and talk to me") to the conservatory where the duchess's dalmatian ate Ruby's bagel ("Oh my God! You see why you get into trouble. Even your animals have no control") to the living room ("This is the Dynasty suite") to the bedroom (where a cushion claimed "Anyone can be a Mother. It takes someone special to be a Mum"). Then into the car to collect Beatrice and Eugenie from school.

Daisy Ashford would describe the Romenda Lodge as a sumptuous spot. Cushions, chintz, clutter, chestnuts roasting by an open fire. Was that a stuffed cat on the back of the sofa? In the garden a Venus clutched a last wisp of decency to her.

Ruby is instantly intimate. So is the duchess, who called her Ruby constantly in the American manner. They both speak fluent psychobabble, they both make TV commercials, they seemed to get along very well.

The duchess wore a purple shirt with scarlet hair. Ruby a scarlet jacket with a burgundy rinse. You felt your eyes water.

So did the duchess. "I read Hello! magazine with my own story in it and I cried twice because it's all so tragically sad."

It all started to go wrong when she was 16 and took slimming pills while in South America. "What I realise now is suddenly I've got changed into another person. Right? Because the slimming drug, I didn't know what it was. I think this is what we call toxins and I think that stayed in my system. In the last year I've certainly cleaned out my system."

Ruby firmly declined the offer of a Dyno-Rod drink made from raw asparagus, celery, spinach and watercress. "I go to the toilet enough. I think it should stop for a while before it goes through." The

loo was the one room we didn't visit but it was a close call.

She was at Balmoral the day she was shown, as she put it, being kissed by a bald-headed chip. "I went into lunch and the only way I got in was asking for guidance from the Lord. I said 'OK, I'm sorry' and I remember thinking to myself 'Well, I've got the Lord with me. I must go forward!'"

"Did they," asked Ruby, lowering the tone with a bump, "say anything smugly?" "No, they were all completely and utterly fantastic with grace and dignity."

You fell as if you were in a lift. Every time Ruby took it down to the bargain basement, the duchess took it up again to the ladies' powder room.

By Christmas she was banished to the gatehouse. The children said: "Mummy, why are you not good enough to go up there?" And she said: "Mummy's made some mistakes but hasn't everybody? Granny wants me up there but perhaps the other members of the family don't." (This is believed to be a reference to Grandpa.)

WHAT we seem to have here is a floppy, friendly red setter, which has made a couple of messes on the carpet, and can't understand why it has been bundled out into the garden. At such moments the duchess repeats St Francis of Assisi's prayer: "Seek to understand, not to be understood. Seek to love, not to be loved. And I seek to all that sort of stuff..."

Like her more famous sister-in-law, Princess Diana, she feels conspired against. "The amount of abuse and abhorrent lies that have been in the papers, there has to be somebody egging it on. I've spoken to a few editors in the past who've said, 'I don't know why but I go to a drinks party and suddenly some people come up to me and tell me where you're going to be, what you're doing, and all the bad things you do.'"

Therefore, in my position, I've got to write it. But it's funny. Why do they come up and tell me these things? These editors, they're sitting there minding their own business and people talk about what I'm up to and these editors used to say to me, 'It's so weird...'"

I'm not sure that the image of those editors sitting there minding their own business isn't the one I shall treasure most. At which point Ruby thanked her warmly for coming, kissed her and pushed her out of her own house. Leaving her on the outside, looking in.

House trained

David McKie
The Literary Companion to Parliament
by Christopher Silvester
Sinclair-Stevenson 619pp £30
The Oxford Dictionary of Political Quotations
ed Antony Jay
Oxford 515pp £15.99
Brewer's Politics revised edition
by Nicholas Cornfort
Cassell 693pp £12.99

DID you know that Palmerston spent 13 years in the Commons before he made his first speech? That the great historian Gibbon sat there for eight whole sessions and never uttered a word? That the essayist Addison rose, stood silent in his place, and after a while sat down — in time becoming a minister without ever having spoken in the House? Neither did I. But that is because the publishing industry had up to now inexplicably failed to produce a book like Christopher Silvester's.

Did you know that Sir Herbert Wainwright Williams, having won a seat in a by-election, voted in just one division, which brought down the government, precipitating a general election which cost him his seat? That Joseph Chamberlain was elected in 1906 after two elections although he was by then too ill to attend the House? Probably not. But then the unexpected lurks in Silvester's erudite preface and 600 revision pages.

He mingles the grave with the gay. Here in the first of his 18 sections — Arrivals and Departures — is Ernest Bevin, entering the chamber as Churchill is speaking. Churchill falls silent; he has seen the look of death in the Foreign Secretary's face. In a section called Great and Terrible Occasions, Cromwell dissolves the Rump Parliament, Home Rule fails, Neville Chamberlain announces the outbreak of war. Here are the triumphant maiden speeches like Harold Nicolson's — the best, friends assure him, they have ever heard — and disastrous ones, like Disraeli's (nothing wrong with the speech, he complains to his sister; the Rads and Reformers shouted me down).

There are plenty of jokes that aren't the slightest bit funny, but which still deserve their place because they evoke as little else can the coarseness, the clubbiness of the Commons, where something that leaves non-participants cold can

convulse insiders. "Everyone shouts with laughter over jokes and allusions which are unintelligible to anyone not an MP," an affronted George Orwell warned readers of the *Partisan Review* for spring 1944. "Nicknames are used freely, violent political opponents pal up over drinks. Maxton, the ILP [Independent Labour Party] MP, 20 years ago an inflammatory orator whom the ruling classes hated like poison, is now the pet of the House, and Gallacher, the Communist MP, is going down the same road..."

"In one sense," wrote Nye Bevan eight years later in his book *In Place of Fear*, "the Commons is the most unrepresentative of representative assemblies. It is an elaborate conspiracy to prevent the real clash of opinion which exists outside from finding an appropriate echo within its walls. It is a social shock absorber placed between privilege and the pressure of popular discontent."

And then there's the drink. One of the great Westminster perils, says Nick Cornfort in his big and richly tasty *Brewer's Politics*, now reissued in a revised edition, is the use of alcohol as a comforter for those who endure long sittings and are far from home. Yet to say an MP is drunk is contempt of the House. Silvester's book has Churchill describing to his wife how Asquith, as PM, was drunk in the House ("only the persistent freemasonry of the Commons prevents a scandal").

I could have done with more 20th century and a bit less 19th. But perhaps that reflects the sense that Parliament no longer means what it did: once the sounding-board of a mighty empire, it no longer feels like the sounding-board of anything much. "No other audience in the world," wrote Leo Amery eight years after the second world war, "has such power to influence the mainsprings of action." The statement was doubtful then: no one would make it today.

Silvester's Bevan and Orwell extracts might be useful additions to *The Oxford Dictionary of Political Quotations*, marshalled with wit and meticulous attribution of sources by Antony Jay, who gave us *Yes Minister*. This too is a treat needing months to explore, with 12 pages of Shakespeare, lashings of Lord Macaulay, and the texts of those lines from Churchill, Thatcher, Callaghan, Healey, Tebbit and others that people don't always get right.

Do you know the origin of the slogan "Vote early, vote often"? No, I didn't know either. But Jay does.



Slip back in time... play and pluck in Britain during the second world war

Some hope but little glory

Jan Morris
Hope and Glory, Britain 1900-1990
by Peter Clarke
Allen Lane/The Penguin Press
454pp £25

THIS altogether admirable book, one of the first volumes in the new Penguin History of Britain, records a hiatus in the national experience of the British: between the terrific enterprise of Empire in the 19th century and the hardly less exciting entry into a confederal Europe which is going to happen in the 21st. The British have been at their happiest in interesting times, and I have no doubt that just as dominion over palm and pine fired them in the last century, so their partnership in the governance of all Europe can exhilarate and rejuvenate them in the next.

Professor Clarke, though, is recording the century between, and for the most part it did not offer interesting times. His title pitches it high: Britain's glories, between 1900 and 1990, were decidedly transient, and Britain's hopes all too often filtered. It is part of a spectacular surge of British historiography inspired by the approach of the millennium, but unlike some of its peers it is not in the least gimmicky or computerish. It is a straightforward narrative history, highly professional, scrupulously balanced and somehow plucky. Clarke is neither ashamed to admire, nor reluctant to asperse.

Not that he is a mere traditionalist. The book, a Welsh reviewer must gratefully note, is part of a history of Britain, not of England (although unfortunately the very first thing my eye fell upon, in the front-

ispiece map, was Caernarfon spelt the English way, so long discredited that even the Ordnance Survey has sport it up). Women, architecture, sport, popular culture, art and literature, all get the proper space so often denied them by chroniclers of an older school.

But it is for his gueness and pluckiness that I most admire Peter Clarke. It cannot have been easy to maintain his verve while writing 400-odd pages about 20th century Britain. He quotes Kipling's description of the country as "an island nine by seven", and that is the difficulty. The subject has become too small for grandeur, too big for intimacy. Gradually, during these years, the British people retreated into introspection. They came to suffer, in Churchill's phrase, "a disease of the will".

It was a drab century for the British. Its moments of splendour were moments of sadness too: even its one epic victory proved illusory. How many political leaders had the power of charisma? Churchill of course, who alone was able to send a shiver down the British spine; Lloyd George, who was Welsh; Nye Bevan, who was Welsh too; Oswald Mosley the Fascist; Ernest Bevin; Enoch Powell; Douglas-Home for the allure of decency; Margaret Thatcher forchutzpah. For the rest it was in general a long run of them without a song between them.

It was a century of specious promises and false starts. The Great War was the war to end wars. Britain was to be a nation fit for heroes. "You may be sure", Edward VIII told the unemployed in 1936, "that all I can do for you I will." Care from cradle to the grave is what Beveridge assured the people in

1942. Proportional representation, peace in Ireland, reform of the Lords, Scottish and Welsh devolution — all proposed, none achieved. The monarchy was still the monarchy. Nobody succeeded in breaking the dreary ritual of confrontational politics, dropping on, year after year, decade after decade, practised by dull and sometimes distasteful men in the monotonous delusion that the British system was necessarily and permanently Best.

And abroad? In-sularity, once the strength of Britishness, now proved its enfeeblement. The British did themselves with grace of their imperial possessions, and duties, and two world wars with courage, resilience and helpful allies. But in the later decades of the century they floundered through the world's affairs, increasingly uninterested in matters outside their own islands.

The role is there awaiting them, though, and surely it cannot be long before they awaken from their isolated slott and timidity and respond to the adventure of Europe. Perhaps this is the Hope of Professor Clarke's title — certainly he ends his never disheartened book with the thought that the issue of Britain's relationship with the European Union "can hardly remain unresolved into the 21st century". I hope what he means is that unless the British people realise the splendour of the European idea, and react to it generously, hopefully and with their famous old bravery, British history in the 21st century will be as generally dreary as it has been in the 20th.

If you would like a copy of *Hope and Glory* at the special discount price of £20, see Books@GuardianWeekly (opposite)

Awful truths lie hidden in the thrills

Sean O'Brien
The Psalm Killer
by Chris Pettit
Macmillan 635pp £16.99

AMONG his other activities the film-maker Chris Pettit has been for some time the severest reviewer of thrillers in town — formerly for the *Times* and latterly on these pages. Pettit has made it clear that he expects the thriller to do its job: to intrigue and alarm, and also to deal with serious matters in the guise of entertainment.

The *Psalm Killer* is an example of the genre near its heart, Gorky Park with something to spare. Pettit has fused the themes of

conspiracy and cock-up and applied them to the context of Northern Ireland. Many of the sectarian horrors and political scandals of the last quarter of a century find their way into the book in one guise or another — the Shankill Butchers, the Kincoon Boy's Home, the British shoot-to-kill policy, the violent dimension within the Republican and Loyalist paramilitaries. If he hasn't already read it, the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland might find this book of some interest.

The Northern Ireland Tourist Board might be less than grateful to the author however. For Pettit, the Six Counties are the nightmare ground where the

backs of the British and Irish minds leak into each other. The *Psalm Killer* is the monstrous offspring of the warring traditions. He is a serial murderer, but one whose seemingly indiscriminate cross-sectarian activities threaten to defeat even the wit of those accustomed to the complex political and religious numbers of the conflict in Northern Ireland. As Pettit conducts us through the half-world of barney cults and cryptic announcements in the personal columns of the *Belfast Telegraph*, it becomes apparent that he has provided the grimmest examination of national dirty linen since Gordon Burn's *Alma Cogan*. Pettit's detective, burdened

with the name Cross, straddles both traditions and belongs to neither, being an English-born Catholic married into the Unionist upper middle class, and married, moreover, to a wife who is in the process of ditching him while he himself embarks on a perilous affair with a colleague. At once outcast and imprisoned, Cross is a grimly detached witness to the manners and methods of both sides, an honest copper made to learn that in the end no one is allowed to remain apolitical.

Pettit offsets the potential melodrama with the sobriety of his prose, giving a convincing account of the day-to-day tedium of meticulous police work.

The *Psalm Killer* is the thriller as "straight" mystery story as well as psychopathology, and to

summarise the plot in any detail would be unfair. It also makes it clear that Britain has a case to answer in Northern Ireland. This is hardly a politically fashionable notion in London, perhaps least of all in the newly ecumenical Labour party, but it makes more sense than the current state of imaginary negotiations which — whiplash who dares — has been British all along.

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Nicholas Lazard
The Redress of Poetry, by
Seamus Heaney (Faber, £8.99)

WHEN someone about to be a Nobel Laureate lectures on poetry, it is a good idea to turn up, and this book is a boon for those who were not at Oxford between 1989 and 1994, when Heaney, Professor of Poetry at that time, delivered its contents. His scope is gently eclectic, accessible: Marlowe, Yeats, Frost, Stevens, Larkin, Dylan Thomas, Clare, etc. One can trace — and he acknowledges — a fond reassessment of many of the poets who moved him when he was young, and whom he might feel a tad edgy about loving now.

Native Speaker, by Chang-rae Lee (Abacus, £8.99)

AKOREAN-AMERICAN spy, Henry Park, is asked to go undercover and see if he can dig any dirt on a messianic grass-roots politician who is beginning to speak certain powers-that-be; and becomes too emotionally involved for anyone's good. Very little detection actually goes on: it's more about love and loss than clonks and daggers. As in a Saul Bellow novel, only about three things happen for a thousand, depending on how you look at it. And, like a Bellow novel, it is also very, very good.

Generation X, by Douglas Coupland (Abacus, £8.99)

REISSUED in a shocking pink neon jacket, but now conventionally book-shaped: part of what made the first edition so different was its square format, the deliberate, complicit sense you felt that you were not just reading a book but making a fashion statement as well. Still, Coupland's rootless, affectless, yet charming prose (and great chapter headings: "Dead at 30/Buried at 70") stands up well.

WB and Other Lives: Stories, by Carlo Gobbler (Lagan Press, £8.98)

WHAT is it about the short story that lends itself so much to examining wasted lives, loss and emptiness? But I do not want to make Gobbler's stories seem gloomier than they are, for he has an almost Chekhovian gift for internal detail, meaty introspection, and dramatic poise. Not to mention grim humour. Brilliant. (Lagan Press: P O Box 110, BT12 4AB, Belfast.)

The Best Ever Notes and Queries, ed Joseph Markar (Fourth Estate, £8.99)

THERE are some questions that do not get asked, such as "Do mice really like cheese?" or "Are humans the only animal species to have pudding?" Er, hang on, that is in this book. Anyway, you don't need me to tell you what's in it: you wrote it, you beautifully intelligent and well-informed reader, you. The best toilet book ever published.

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Mother's ruin in white-trash heaven

Dominique Baldy
My Dark Places
by James Elroy
Century 351pp £18.99

THERE is a photograph reproduced in *My Dark Places* of a 10-year-old boy. There is nothing out of the ordinary about him: slightly rotund, hair neatly parted, facing the camera.

The picture is of James Elroy in 1958, and was taken moments after he had learnt that his mother had just been found murdered. The detectives who broke the news to him considered his reaction ambiguous, but there was a subtlety with which they were unfamiliar. Elroy's parents had been divorced four years earlier, and the boy's emotions were the stage on which the couple's mutual loathing had been played out.

"I caught both sides of that hatred," Elroy recalls. "My mother portrayed my father as weak, slovenly, lazy, fanciful and duplicitous in small ways. My father had my mother categorised more concisely: she was a lush and a whore." The young Elroy sided with his father, a drifter who believed fatherhood consisted of allowing the boy to share his porn magazines. Thus the first thought of the boy in the photo was that "some unknown killer just bought me a brand-new beautiful life".

Elroy's first non-fictional work is an extended letter of apology to the

mother he judged prematurely. As well as detailing the initial murder investigation (the crime was never solved), it charts his subsequent decline into a downward spiral of alcoholism, drug abuse and petty crime, before he found salvation in his writing. It closes with Elroy's own recent re-investigation into the murder. In a bid to find the killer.

While Part One may occasionally grate with readers less than fascinated by police procedure, the book

comes into its own in Part Two when Elroy leaves the investigation behind and gets to work describing life in the rough-and-ready "white-trash heaven" town of El Monte.

Elroy is clearly in his element as he sets about dissecting the body politic of the American Dream as lived by his parents, "a great-looking cheap couple, along the lines of Robert Mitchum and Jane Russell in *Macao*". Elroy manages to recreate the perspective of the dysfunctional,



Mummy, I hardly knew you... James Elroy PHOTO BY SHARON WATSON

Scent of pastiche

Michael Hofmann
Three Stories and a Reflection
by Patrick Süskind
Bloomsbury 89pp £10.99

UMBERTO ECO was probably the first, but in his wake there came Peter Heeg, Jostein Gaarder, Viktor Erofeev, maybe Cees Noteboom and others; writers who were enormously successful all over Europe, and whose success, for once, did not stop at Ostend. Whereas the previous generation of continental imports — Grass, Calvino, Kundera — had been formally innovative and politically engaged, faintly intimidating figures with heavyweight reputations, these new writers were less troubling and less ambitious. They were hand-tailored oddities, pursuing essentially innocent research into history or more recondite areas of non-fiction, from which they fashioned their more accessible works. Where their predecessors had had prestige, they enjoyed popularity; they were novelists as much as novelists, and Patrick Süskind belongs squarely in their company.

He was born in 1949 in Ambach, one of the lakeside towns south of Munich. He studied history in Munich and Aix, and, for 10 years afterwards, wrote, in his own words, "long scripts and short prose". Then, in 1984, his one-man play, *Sher Konrad* (The Double Bass), shot him to fame; for a time it was everywhere, you could have travelled the length and breadth of Germany and seen it wherever you went. For me it is his most satisfactory work. In 1985, he published *Das Parfum* (Perfume), which was in the best-seller lists of *Der Spiegel* for nine years. In 1986, a television series he co-wrote, by the name of *Kir Royale*,

went out on German television. Since then he has written a number of short prose tales. As literary careers go, his is one of stunning effectiveness and economy.

In England, the perception of him is slightly different. Because *Perfume*, his one novel so far, was his first English publication back in 1986, everything else has just tumbled after in a slightly disappointing fashion. *The Double Bass* is out of print and rarely performed; the shorter works are not received with the sort of delicious acclaim in Britain, where there is no tradition of the novella, that greets them in the original, and it remains sadly difficult to publish books of 80 to 120 pages; and Süskind's work for television is unknown in this country. Therefore, from a British point of view, he can't seem other than a one-book author.

There is another aspect of Süskind, a personal one this time, that also hasn't travelled and therefore doesn't count for anything in Britain. In Germany he is paradoxically famous for his private, retiring nature, avoiding publicity, interviews, photographs, all the usual media Tamtam of our age. It is oddly effective as a strategy. Süskind suffered a sort of calamity (which he had written for) set a team of reporters and photographers on him, trailed him to a little hideaway where he used to work, and then published the results.

All Süskind's stories are essentially about ill-adapted loners who want nothing more than to be left in peace, so one can imagine the trauma this caused him. It seems possible to me that his prose, *Perfume*, in which one such character is completely freaked out by the appearance of a pigeon outside, his little room, might be a fiction-

alised treatment of this incident. Still, in England, where one doesn't necessarily expect to be confronted by foreign writers in the flesh and where the press are so much more carnivorous anyway, all this doesn't really impinge, and Süskind can't seem any more reclusive or mysterious than any other absentee author.

I can't see that Süskind's new book will do anything to change the way he is perceived in Britain. It is very evidently a stopgap, intended to keep his name before the public in the absence of a new novel. Originally written between 10 and 20 years ago, it can be read in an hour or two. Of the three stories, one is a soporific effort about an artist who is destroyed by a critic's idle declaration that her work lacks depth. The second is a psychologically acute piece on a chess match, where the local champ is challenged by a flashy and stylish looking young stranger, who by his mere manner and presence wins every one's sympathies and has the champ rattled.

THE THIRD might be a fore-runner or offshoot of *Perfume*: an 18th century perfume-maker murders young women for their scent, and ends up being torn limb from limb when he wears it. "Maitre Mussard's Bequest" is set in the same 18th century, same France, with similarly obsessive physical investigations. A retired jeweller of a rather intellectual cast becomes persuaded that the world is being taken over by shells. Like *Perfume*, it is basically hokum: an unstable idea elaborated with a certain amount of inconsistency.

In these early pieces, as in all his later work, Süskind's subjects are imperilled individuals conducting delicate negotiations with a rather overwhelming and unpalatable world. *Gréouille* in *Perfume*, the most monstrous and destructive of

lonely child caught in the crossfire, but his sardonic eye breathes life into his subjects and ensures their humanity is never lost. Geneva Hilliker Elroy was respected as a conscientious mother and dedicated industrial nurse. She sought relief in alcohol and sexual encounters with strangers while James dwelt with his father at weekends.

It was probably one of these random meetings that led to her brutal death, and provided further fuel for the bile that the father sought to inculcate in his son, as well as feeding the author's dangerously ambivalent view of his mother. "The red-head was 15 years dead and somewhere far away. She ambushed me in the summer of 1973... I was in the tub. I was jacking off to a cavalcade of older women's faces. I saw my mother naked, fought the image and lost." His detailing of the delirium and the driven sexual obsessions brought about by his alcohol and drug abuse, and the alienation from society he suffered as a result of his deliberately provocative far-right political posturing, is described dispassionately and lucidly, without a hint of any self-pity.

Elroy is able to kick his bad habits in time to save himself. His mother never had the chance to do the same. "A cheap Saturday night took you down," he addresses her in the prologue. "You died stupidly and harshly and without the means to hold your own life dear."

Elroy has those means, and this honest account of his painful journey of discovery is largely successful in its aim of giving her life-lasting value.

then, does it through his nose: the poor bassist through his subsonic instrument. "A nasty surprise in the sound department"; Herr Sommer, the claustrophobic, with his enormous strides; Jonathan Noel, the bank security-guard in *The Pigeon*, by standing still. In *Three Stories* the vulnerability and deficits of the characters are expressed by the literally deadly word "depth"; by doubled pawns and poor positions; by a geological parody of the jeweller's art; by the blank expression of a row of books.

There is real anguish and neurosis in Süskind's outlook, though this is carefully muted by his pedantic, rococo style and a deliberate patriarchy in his choice of dramatic incident: Herr Sommer turns on a piece of snout on a piano keyboard, *The Pigeon* on a man's horror of running into anybody outside his shared toilet. This calibration has to do duty both as seriousness and as humour without, naturally, being convincing as either. It leads to a lack of meaning and a denial of purpose in Süskind's writing. In style, too, there is a similar lack of fixity and commitment. Süskind is a pasticheur, using stylistic features from three centuries. But Voltaire or Gogol or Chekhov would knock him into the cocked hat that is his real element.

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Rugby Union International: England 54 Italy 21

Power pack shocks Italy

Robert Armstrong at Twickenham

ENGLAND'S seven-try victory over Italy served as the ideal warm-up for the serious business of taking on the New Zealand Barbarians here on Saturday.

An awesome performance by the pack, which contained four of the seven new caps and plundered four tries, and a stunning debut by the scrum-half Andy Gomarsall, who scored twice, signposted the way England may be planning to meet the Kiwi challenge.

Given the presence of so many newcomers, it was the best possible start to the season's seven-match international programme. England did go off the boil after an hour's play — something they must not do against the New Zealanders — but by then glorious passages of explosive football had built a 42-7 lead, and even though the Italians scored three tries the hosts finished firmly in command.

England's captain Phil de Glanville, who acted as a tireless fetcher and carrier for his free-ranging forwards, pointed out that their next opponents, the All Blacks in all but name, will not allow the same freedom as the Italians, who saw the game slip away inexorably within half an hour. Nevertheless Jack Rowell will be greatly encouraged by the dynamic rugby his youthful side produced on their first outing together.

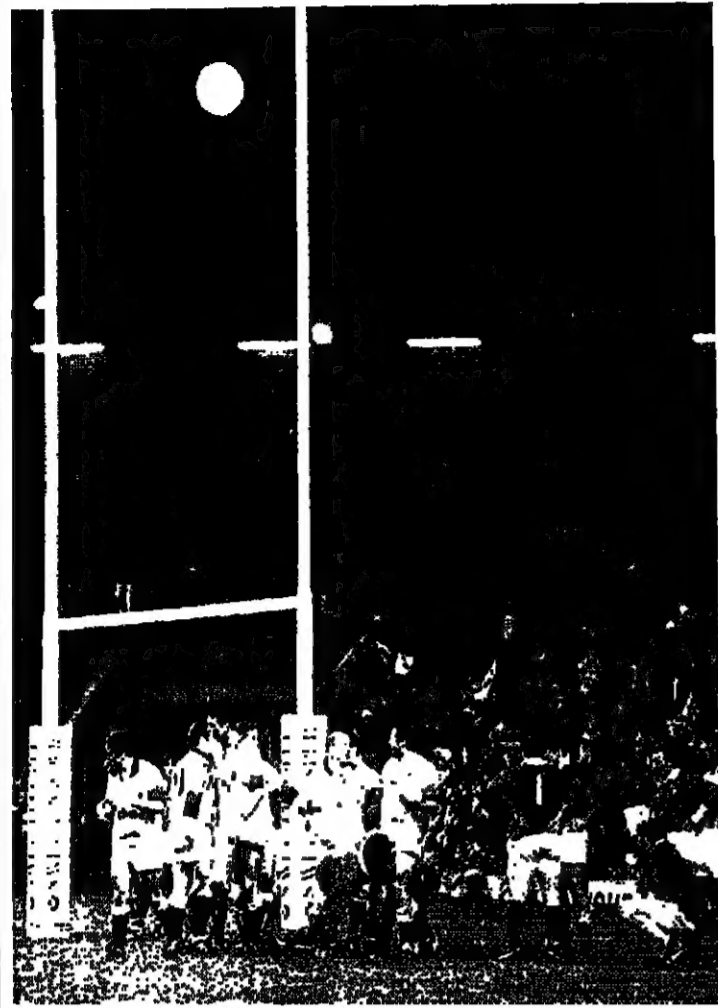
"New Zealand play rhythmic, controlled, patterned rugby which is beyond everyone else; they have all

the pieces on the chess-board," warned the England coach. "Still, let's see what the English bulldog can do. We have made several changes, investments for the future, and today we proved we have excellent running forwards who will give us an edge when we play the big teams."

England's No 8 Chris Sheasby, operating cheek by jowl with his Wasps team-mates Dallaglio and Gomarsall, launched his Test career with a hard, athletic display of driving through the midfield that set the tempo for the afternoon. Like Sheasby, Rodber, Johnson and Regan combined to outpower the Italians with sustained authority, and when the front-row replacements Hardwick and Greening came on to win their first caps they added strength and bite to the forward effort.

Italy found it impossible to contain the English juggernaut because they could not win any line-out ball, and their loose forwards, who were effective only for a 10-minute period in the final quarter, lacked muscle. The Italy captain Massimo Giovanelli said: "I'm proud of my team; in the second half they were lionhearted, and with that mentality we will get to the top level."

England's full potential will only emerge in the new year when they play France and next summer when they visit Australia. "We had a lot of control that was good variety," said de Glanville, "and the whole effort was a very good foundation for what we're trying to achieve. All the new caps had a superb game; you have



Seventh heaven... England celebrate another try against Italy at Twickenham in the light of a full moon

to contribute to the team on the pitch and that's exactly what they did."

At Lansdowne Road, Irish rugby saw its professionals give a performance of worth although the fine display was not reflected in the final score, the home side going down to Australia 22-12, writes Ian Malin. Murray Kidd, the Ireland coach, acknowledged: "The first 60 min-

utes were the best I've seen from our forwards but when you get that close you want to see a result."

For that hour Ireland harried the Wallabies with a passionate display, and with five minutes to go the score was 15-12 to the touring side. Then Gregan fed Knox for the half-back to run in the game's only try and leave the Irish to reflect on what might have been.

Cricket

Doull delight in victory for New Zealand

NEW ZEALAND outplayed Pakistan to win the first Test in Lahore on Sunday by 44 runs with a day to spare and take a 1-0 lead in the two-match series.

The victory 25 minutes after tea on the fourth day was New Zealand's first in Pakistan since the 1988-89 tour when Graham Dowling's side won by five wickets at the same Gaddafi Stadium.

Pakistan, chasing a victory target of 276, fought well and took the game into the 88th and 89th minutes through goals from Adams and Bergkamp. Adams had not scored for 14 months, but the goal epitomised his new determination to get forward more often. Until then it looked as if a game of imaginative movement by both sides would be let down by wayward finishing. A penalty in the first half gave Arsenal the lead, a fortunate double ricochet just before the hour brought the scores level, and there they seemed destined to remain.

The supreme difference, in the end, was Bergkamp, who played a crucial role in Adams' goal and then scored himself. On a rain-swept afternoon which made the ball as slippery as soap, the Dutchman's first touch was outstanding.

At the moment, and until Iversen arrives from Rosenborg, Tottenham has no one remotely in this class. On Sunday their best player was Campbell, superb at the back, especially in his handling of Wright, the Premiership's leading scorer.

New Zealand 155 (Younis 4-48, Mushtaq Ahmed 4-59) and 311 (S Fleming 92no, C Cairns 93). Pakistan 191 (Moin Khan 59; Vaughan 4-27) and 231 (Mohammad Wasim 109no; Patel 4-36). New Zealand won by 44 runs

India v South Africa

Srinath takes six as SA fall

THE pace bowler Javagal Srinath, who impressed so much on last summer's tour of England, turned in a career-best performance to lead India to a famous 64-run victory over South Africa in the first Test in Ahmedabad last Saturday.

Srinath, who took two wickets in his first over to have South Africa reeling at nought for two, finished with career-best figures of six for 21 in 11.5 overs and deservedly picked up the accolade of Man of the Match.

The leg-spinner Anil Kumble chipped in with three for 34. The South Africa innings failed to last two full sessions as they were slotted for 105 on a wearing wicket, chasing a mere 170 to win.

South Africa had seemed safe at 48 for three but lost their last six wickets for nine in 25 balls. Six batsmen made ducks with only Hanley Cronje sticking around, unbeaten on 48.

India, who recently defeated Australia in a one-off Test, go into the second Test in Calcutta full of confidence.

India 223 (S Tendulkar 42; Donald 4-37) and 190. South Africa 224 (Farie de Villiers 87no, D Cullinan 43; Joshi 4-42) and 105. India won by 64 runs

Football Premiership: Arsenal 3 Tottenham Hotspur 1

Gunners destroy Spurs with late salvo

David Laoy

PERHAPS it needed a Frenchman to trim the feathers of the north London cockerel. Certainly Arsène Wenger's Arsenal beat Tottenham with a fine Gallic flourish at Highbury on Sunday, their first home victory over Spurs for five years and their first win against them anywhere for three, to go second in the Premiership.

Just when Gerry Francis's limited but well-organised and supremely fit Tottenham side appeared to have forced a well-merited draw, Arsenal won the match in the 88th and 89th minutes through goals from Adams and Bergkamp. Adams had not scored for 14 months, but the goal epitomised his new determination to get forward more often.

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Going for goal... Ian Wright scores Arsenal's first goal from the penalty spot

Significantly the penalty, after 27 minutes, resulted from Wilson's failure to do likewise when Merson's pass sent Bergkamp through in the inside-right position. The Tottenham defender half-stopped his man legally and then caught Bergkamp with a falling leg as the Dutchman tried to break clear.

Wright scored with the penalty yet might have ended the afternoon ruing at least three chances he missed in open play. Such profligacy looked like frustrating Arsenal as well as preserving Francis's record of never losing to them as a manager, first at QPR, then with Spurs. Indeed the nature of Tottenham's goal suggested the result was pre-ordained. After 57 minutes Campbell headed on Nielsen's long throw

from the right to Sinton, in space on the left. Sinton's shot cannoned off the inside of the near post, then hit Lukic on the head and rebounded into the net.

The goal followed Tottenham's one sustained spell of pressure in which Lukic thwarted Anderton and Armstrong with sharp saves, and Vieira and Armstrong shared the game's only spot. Before half-time Sheringham, inadvertently set up by Dixon's deflected clearance, had wasted Tottenham's previous best opportunity.

Spurs looked worth a point and nothing Arsenal did seemed likely to deny them the draw. Wenger's decision to replace Platt with an extra striker, Hartson, prompted Arsenal's final surge forward, but few

could have anticipated the way the game would be won and lost.

In the 88th minute Merson's throw-in from the right was flicked back from the byline by Bergkamp as Adams strode towards goal. Taking the ball in his stride, the Arsenal captain produced a stunning shot which took a deflection off the crouching Carr on its way past Walker.

Highbury had scarcely recovered its wits when, in the next minute, Bergkamp gathered Wright's long centre near the left-hand byline and dummied past Carr before scoring Arsenal's third goal from the narrowest angle: it was poor reward for Tottenham's defensive efforts but Wenger's will to win had found the perfect response in his team.

Football results

FA CARLING PREMIERSHIP: Arsenal 3, Tottenham 1, Chelsea 1, Newcastle 1, Coventry 1, Aston Villa 2, Leicester 1, Everton 2, Liverpool 1, Wimbledon 1, Middlesbrough 2, Manchester United 2, Southampton 0, Leeds 2, Sunderland 1, Sheffield Wednesday 1, West Ham 1, Derby County 1. Leading positions: 1, Newcastle (played 14, points 29); 2, Arsenal (14-29); 3, Liverpool (14-29).

NATIONWIDE LEAGUE: First Division: Barnley 3, Portsmouth 2, Birmingham 1, Swindon 0, Charlton 0, Bradford 2, Crystal Palace 2, Wolves 3, Huddersfield 2, Gillingham 0, Ipswich 2, Port Vale 1, Man City 1, Tranmere 2, Colchester 2, Oxford 1, Reading 2, QPR 1, Slavia 1, Southend 2, West Brom 0, Norwich 0. Leading positions: 1, Bolton (20-40); 2, Crystal Palace (19-34); 3, Barnley (18-33).

Second Division: Blackpool 1, Harts City 0, Brentford 2, Warrington 0, Bristol City 2, Peterborough 0, Barnby 1, Bournemouth 0, Bury 1, Plymouth 0, Gillingham 0, York 1, Luton 2, Bristol Rovers 1, Rotherham 0, Millwall 0, Shrewsbury 3, Stockport 2, Walsley 1, Crewe 0, Wycombe 0, Preston 1. Leading positions: 1, Millwall (20-39); 2, Brentford (20-39); 3, Bury (10-36).

Third Division: Barns 3, Doncaster 0, Brighton 1, Colchester 3, Cambridge United 2, Leyton Orient 0, Cardiff 2, Hereford 0, Exeter 0, Hull 0, Lincoln 0, Mansfield 0, Northampton 2, Rochdale 2, Scunthorpe 0, Swindon 1, Southport 3, Darlington 2, Tunbridge Wells 0, Hartlepool 1, Wigan 1, Fulham 1. Leading positions: 1, Fulham (13-31); 2, Cambridge United (20-30); Wigan (19-30).

BELLS SCOTTISH LEAGUE: Premier Division: Dundee P, Celtic P, Dundee United 1, Raith 2, Hibernian 1, Aberdeen 1. Leading positions: 1, Rangers (12-24); 2, Celtic (12-25); 3, Aberdeen (13-22).

SCOTTISH LEAGUE: First Division East: Forth 1, Dunfermline P, Falkirk 1, St Mirren 0, Morton 3, Stirling Albion 2, Partick Thistle 0, Arbroath 0, St Johnstone 2, Clydebank 1. Leading positions: 1, St Johnstone (15-32); 2, Falkirk (15-26); 3, Arbroath (15-23).

Second Division: Arbroath P, Dundee United 1, Forth 1, Dunfermline P, Dundee P, Berwick 0, Hamilton P, Brechin P, Livingston P, Stenhousemuir P. Leading positions: 1, Arbroath (15-35); 2, Livingston (14-31); 3, Hamilton (14-22).

Third Division: Alloa P, Airdrie P, Arbroath P, Forth 1, Montrose P, East Stirling P, Greenock Morton 0, Cowden 0. Leading positions: 1, Forth (15-25); 2, Airdrie (15-25); 3, Arbroath (15-24).

Scottish Coca-Cola Cup final: Rangers 4 Hearts 3

Rangers put out Hearts' fire

Patrick Glenn at Celtic Park

HEARTS, like many before them, came to the painful realisation that leaving Paul Gascoigne and Ally McCoist to their own devices is as dangerous as ignoring arsonists with a can of paraffin and a box of matches.

Two goals each from the England midfielder and the Scotland striker secured Rangers the Scottish League Cup for the 20th time. It was also the third occasion since 1993 that they have won a major trophy at Celtic Park.

Hearts' refusal to capitulate throughout an extraordinary final was emphasised by the anger of manager Jim Jefferies and captain Gary Mackay over a refereeing decision which swung the match in Rangers' favour in the second half.

Having overcome a two-goal deficit to square the match at 2-2, the Tynecastle side had the scent of a lead themselves in the 64th minute when Robertson was clearly fouled by Bjorklund close to the Hearts dug-out. The referee failed to award the free-kick and the ball was quickly played forward to Gascoigne, who put Rangers back in front.

With Hearts' momentum brought to a halt, Gascoigne made it 4-2 two minutes later.

No controversy could have been forecast when McCoist scored his two in the first 26 minutes, prompting a chilling recall among the Edinburgh fans of last May's 5-1 thrashing by Rangers in the Scottish Cup final.

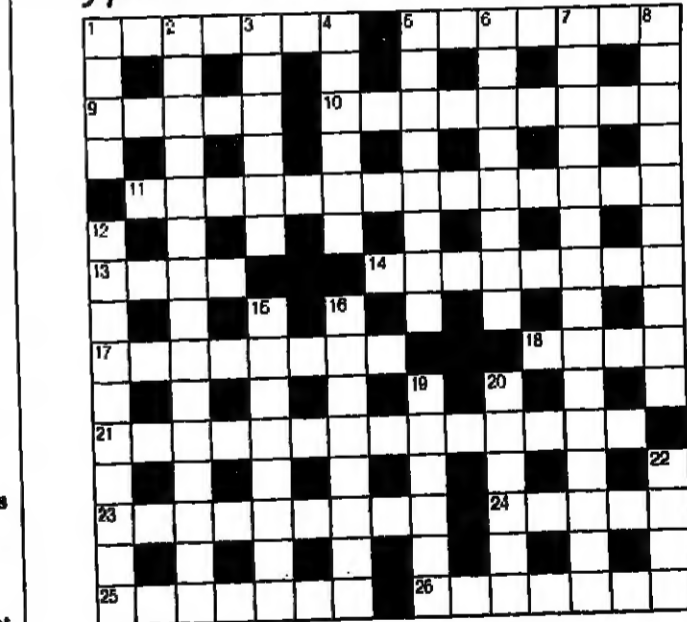
With the Hearts defenders, and Ritchie in particular, concentrating on containing Laudrup, the Danish winger suddenly shot clear of his marker and slipped the ball forward to the totally unattended McCoist. A quick turn on the edge of the box and a jab with his right foot sent the ball low to the left of Rousset.

The Hearts defenders were guilty of neglect again when a corner kick from the left was met by Petric and headed back towards Moore, who headed it on to McCoist. The striker nodded it in for his 50th goal in the League Cup, equalling the record established by Rangers' Jim Forrest 30 years ago.

Fulton, a minute from the interval, encouraged Hearts to a powerful low drive from 18 yards after McCann's corner kick had been knocked forward by Cameron.

McCann, chosen as Man of the Match, spent the second half rousing Moore down the left, and provided the ammunition for Robertson's equaliser.

Cryptic crossword by Rufus



Across

- 1 Bend with the king's shield (7)
5 Pinta's unsatisfactory round
7 "The Duke" but it's good for tots (7)
9 Jack books a fortune-teller (5)
10 Prepared CD on lather? It needs versatility (9)
11 Great set-up? A concept based on another (14)
13 Left the plant to get a blow (4)
14 Rugby player's to keep his distance (5-3)
17 The coach falls and one's missing game (8)
18 A fine rozzar catches men on

the fiddle (4)

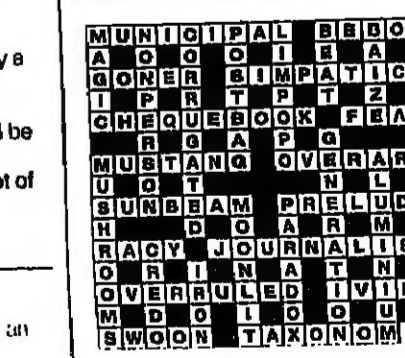
- 21,24 Start the business and examine the carpet fixers? (3,4,2,5,5)
23 The humiliation produced by a low story? (9)
24 see 21
25 The artist's assistant could be Welsh (7)
26 A long journey involving a lot of lines? (7)

Down

- 1 A goal without hesitation is an object of ridicule (4)

- 2 RA's minute tactic is somehow to support with evidence (15)
3 Tallest bird seen around the foam (6)
4 The root is hard, crumbly (6)
5 Deposit the protective force here (8)
6 Seem but not having the covering on top (8)
7 What to do if one's legs are chilly? Try harder (4,2,4,5)
8 Newcomer could have it after a long hike (10)
12 Shifty lad's back with rug. He's a rogue (10)
15 County uniform (no hat) for a civic official (8)
16 Drops duck, we hear, for an animal (8)
19 Extremely sound eggs? (3-3)
20 Henry's fort getting a bash. Bubby? (6)
22 Catch sight of agent from the East (4)

Last week's solution



Handwritten text in the left margin: "Japan co life"